THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

Weird voices whisper—in the twilight's soft hush
I hear the low sweep of a bird-wing's rush;
The day dies out, and the patter of feet,
And noises grow distant along the street.
Soft fingers press lightly my weary eyes,
And the earth grows nearer the starry skies.
The present fades out and the lightfooted years,
With their pains and pleasures, smiles and tears,—
Their storm-cloud and sunshine, shadow and gleam,
Glide from the shores of the Past like a dream.

Once more the low plash of the silvery stream,
And the mountain bird's song on the laurel bough;
The olden toned zephyrs, whose choruses seem
Like the notes that from heavenly minstrels flow.
I listen to these, and beyond I see
A winding pathway over the green,
The old log barn and the maple tree,
And the waving wheat-fields' golden sheen;
The flowers that mirror their bloom in the spring,
The rock-laid path to the shaded door,—
The crown wreath of life her memories bring,
As my foot falls once more on the homestead floor.

The vision is broken; strange hands scatter there,
The home-links we twined so long before;
A stranger now sits in our father's chair,
New height measures mark the cheek of the door.
The same song of birds, and the humming of bees,
The lowing of herds over distant hills;
But the shadows are longer that creep from the trees,
As Phœbus her golden circle fills.
Out where in woodlands I used to play,
Where I wandered to catch the first flush of the morn,
With her curtains of purple and gold and gray,
There lies a green sea of blossoming corn.

Where are the loved ones who once were there?
The beautiful hillsides echo "where?"
Down in the church-yard their graves have grown green,
The fair skies bend over, the earth is between
Their faces and mine. Life's golden chain
Has been lengthened by year links again and again,
Since their kiss thrilled my heart; 'tis years ago now,
And care lines are gathering over my brow.
Their harvests are gathered from whence none return,
In the fields that lie over the shadowy bourne.

MIRIAM THORN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

CHAPTER III.

On Monday afternoon Uncle Nathaniel came in from the meadow saying,

"Lucy, I think I will ride over to Lenox and see Deacon Steel and Elder Johnson, and try if we can't get Mr. Hale to stay with us. I don't like to put it off, we may lose him, and we shall not soon have an opportunity of getting such a man."

Aunt Lucy did not object, but said quietly:

"I hope he will stay, for I began to fear we should never get any one who could please all, and Mr. Hale seems from your account of him to be the best one we have had."

"Yes! there will not be a dissenting voice in the church. I am only afraid he will not stay on such a salary as our society can afford, but I will gladly add a hundred to my subscription that I proposed giving to keep him. I only wonder some of the large city churches have not secured him, they try to monopolize all the talent there is in the ministry."

I was very anxious to know the result of my uncle's mission, and I was sure Aunt Lucy shared it, although she did not allude to the subject again after he left.

I think she was a little fearful I should question her about him, for she soon announced that "she would walk over to see Mrs. Robbins," a poor cripple, by whose side she might often be found, cheering the loneliness of the invalid by the sunshine of her presence, and the music of her voice.

Very soon I saw her coming from the pantry with her well-filled basket of dainties on her arm, a lovely bouquet of flowers, and "Baxter's Saints Rest" in her hands.

It was almost dark when my uncle returned.

"Well, Gracie, he will stay until we can find some one to take his place, but he will not receive any salary at all. He told the committee 'he had enough for his simple wants, and that he would like to have the nine hundred we proposed to give him devoted to the poor of the parish.'"

Aunt Lucy looked very much pleased when she heard of this, and I felt sure she was whispering in her heart, "the act was like him."

The next day was delightful, and seeing my aunt was indisposed for company, I took my book and wandered away to the grand old forest, intending to enjoy reading as one only can in its fragrant quiet. So I spread my beautiful copy of "Tasso" on my knee; but even the grand poet, in his own liquid language, failed to divert my thoughts from Philip Hale. The princely "Godfrey," the noble "Tancred" were so blended with the thoughts of the clergyman I could not read. Over the pages that sang of Clorinda's beauty and courage, I saw Aunt Lucy's gentle face, and its womanly sweetness obscured the charms of the golden-haired girl warrior.

So with the quaint, illuminated page before me, I sat in the odorous silence, weaving a romance in which my aunt and Philip Hale were actors, in the long ago, when she was young.

At length the gathering twilight warned me home.

Coming quietly through the small latticed gate at the side of the yard I saw two figures in the shadow of the portico, Mr. Hale and Aunt Lucy. He was speaking earnestly, and on the still evening air the words came distinctly to my ear. "I can never thank you enough, Lucy, for all your trust in me through these long years of silence. I have been so long accustomed to my sad, lonely lot, this light almost dazzled my eyes. You have been a true friend to us both. God bless you, dear Lucy, and good-night."

So Aunt Lucy knew this Philip Hale, and she knew the great sorrow of his life that had made him the prophet he was. More than this she saw shining before him a light, steadfast and holy, to which her hand could guide him.

Aunt Lucy did not see me, and when I came to the table her face was radiant. "She had heard good tidings of this dear friend." I read it in her eyes so full of joy; in her pleasant voice so full of music.

Much as I longed to solve the mystery, I could not allude to him, until she opened the way; but I did wish she would tell me, and at length as if reading my thought she said,

"Grace, will you come to my room? I have a picture to show you!"

We both arose from the table and went to her room.

I used to think it the most delightful room in the world. On the west side of the house, overlooking the river, and the broad stretch of green meadows—and beyond the waves of barley. Around the large windows trailed the beautiful scarlet trumpet creeper, and the creamy blossoms of a monthly honeysuckle, filling the room with their delicious fragrance.

Skillfully hung to catch the fading sunlight, stealing through the clustering vines over the windows, was a large picture. It was a picture of wondrous power, and I stood before it in mute astonishment at the strength of its design and the finish of its minutest detail.

It was a sea view. Afar-off stretched the ocean—sleeping under a summer morning sun—the sparkling waves washing the white shell-strewn beach. Arching above the summer sea was a sky of blue—the clear, intense blue of a June day, flecked here and there by white, fleecy clouds. In the foreground stood a tall, dark cliff, jutting its rugged face into the clear water. At its base stood a young girl, her fair face shaded by rich brown curls, and her attitude in its unconscious grace a triumph of artistic skill. She stood looking out over the water, with a look so sad, so patient, you knew that shining, treacherous ocean had buried her earthly all; and yet above the sadness of her face seemed to shine as one gazed a hope sure and steadfast, not of earth, or earthly joy, but of a reunion in that far-off land toward which this sorrow had turned her feet.

"Aunt Lucy, who painted this picture? Who is this young girl looking so patiently out over the wreck of her life?" I exclaimed as the meaning of this wonderful picture became clear to my mind.

"Ah, Grace! you can read it then? I thought so," said Aunt Lucy, covering the picture.

"Don't take it away, Aunt Lucy; but tell me its story."

"I will, my child, but it is a long, sad one;" and sitting by the window where we could watch the setting sun falling upon the picture, and crowning the head of the young girl with a halo she told me of her life.

"This picture, Grace, was given me by Philip Hale. He painted it from memory while he was wandering in Syria. Learning from Mrs. Steel where he is stopping, that Deacon Nile's wife was formally from Lyle Beach, he asked my maiden name; and hearing it was Lucy Earl, he lost no time in coming to see me, and bringing this picture which he had painted for me.

"I saw your look of surprise when I was so startled at his name, but I could not explain until I had seen him and heard him tell his story. There might be some mistake, it might not be the Philip I had so long mourned as dead.

"For years I have known Philip, even from his childhood—for we then lived at Lyle Beach, and near neighbors—and he was like a younger brother to me.

"His father, Judge Hale, was an English gentleman, a brother of Sir Philip Hale, of Leigh Park; but as he was not only a younger brother, but the last of five, and the estate was deeply encumbered, his chance in life did not look brilliant. He did not like the army, and if he had, his family could not afford to buy him a commission; all their available funds had been required on a captaincy for his brother George.

"He did not like the church even if there had been another good place for him, after Leigh was quietly settled as vicar of Leigh Moss.

"Thus it happened he came to America; and at New London, met one of that city's belles, sweet Mary Winthrop, the heiress of Archibald Winthrop, and whose hundred thousand, inherited from her father, was her least attraction. Before he had been a year in America he married Miss Winthrop, and removed to Lyle, where he built a stately mansion, and began life in a manner befitting Sir Philip's brother.

"I remember Mrs. Hale, a fair, lovely woman; and I can recall Philip's grief at her death, when he was nine years old. After her death, her mother, Madam Winthrop, came to Rose Hill, as Judge Hale's country-seat was called—and began her reign.

"She was a proud, stately woman; and I supposed had somewhere a heart, but it was so hidden under her stiff brocades and costly laces, it was not often visible.

"Judge Hale was a man of fine talents, which had received the polish of 'Eaton,' and 'Cambridge,' and it was not long before his career as a lawyer (successful from the first,) ended in his becoming one of the state judges. He was afterward member of Congress and United States Senator, in the days when those offices were obtained by merit—not money, as at the present day is the custom.

"Judge Hale was a proud man, and he fully determined his only son should take the place in the social, political and literary world, he had filled for so many years—filled too with such honor to himself.

"From a child, Philip gave promise of the talent that so charmed you last night, and under his father's judicious instruction, he made rapid and eager progress.

"Until the boy was twelve years old, the grand routine of his life at Rose Hill, moved on to the entire satisfaction of his father and Madam Winthrop. The judge alternately teaching Philip, and entertaining the extremely aristocratic circle he gathered around him, while Madam Winthrop rustled her brocades, and displayed her heir-loom laces as befitted a lady bearing the Winthrop name; and Philip and I, after his lessons were done for the day, read together, or wandered by the sea-shore as we listed.

"But there came a new interest to our quiet, dreamy life. 'Woodbine Cottage' so long deserted, was again open.

"Dr. Thorn, a gentleman, in the highest sense of that much abused word, purchased the cottage, and proceeded to embellish it as can only be done where there is taste as well as money.

"I have said Dr. Thorn was a gentleman, of gentle blood—for we New England people think a great deal of family—with a brilliant, cultivated mind; and best of all an earnest Christian.

"His family consisted of his sister, a maiden lady some years older than himself, and his daughter, the Miriam Thorn of whom I have so often spoken.

"I cannot tell you, Grace, how dear Miriam became to me, with what love I regarded her. I was an orphan, living with cousins, the fourth remove by blood—the fortieth in sympathy,—and a teacher, young as I was, in Lenox high school.

"Before they came I had no company but Philip. My lack of money and position did not commend me to Madam Winthrop's circle, and the coming of the Thorns' was to me the beginning of a new life.

"Without affecting the grandeur of 'Rose Hill,' they lived in simple elegance.

"There was no suggestion of a cabinet ware-room in their home; but every article was selected and arranged by the artistic skill of Dr. Thorn, and the faultless taste of Miss Olivia. Rare, beautiful pictures—sweet forest nooks, glowing under a summer sun, brilliant autumn scenes, and soft, misty mountain peaks, looked down from the walls; with here and there a gem, copied from some of the old masters, Murillo's 'Infant Saint John,' looked with his clear, spiritual eyes, into one's heart—while Raphael's 'Madonna' bent lovingly over the 'Infant Saviour,' cradled on her bosom. Choice cabinets of shells filled the deep recesses by the library windows, and from its many shelves the best editions of the best authors, ancient and modern, looked temptingly down.

"To this beautiful home I was always welcome—and how much I enjoyed it, no one can tell who had not lived as I had all my life, with the wants of my soul, for home love, and genial, cultivated society ungratified.

"Dr. Thorn, with his grand, scholarly face; and Miss Olivia, with her simple, high-bred manner, were my ideals of middle-aged perfection. And Miriam was a sweet, bright, happy girl, the idol of her father, the darling of her gentle aunt, who had received her a sacred trust from her dying mother—and to whom Miriam gave a daughter's love.

"Living near together, in a quiet country place, the children were thrown much together, and it is not strange they were friends. While Judge Hale and Madam Winthrop, sent invitations to the doctor and Miss Thorn to stately dinner parties, where Huntingtons, Griswolds, Woolcotts and Saltinstalls, met in aristocratic solemnity, Philip and Miriam wandered by the sea-shore, gathering shells, reading together, and every day loving each other better.

"So the years glided on until Philip was sixteen—at which time business requiring Judge Hale's presence in England, and his mother-in-law deciding to accompany him.

"Rose Hill was left in charge of a faithful housekeeper, and Philip went to Dr. Thorn's to pursue his studies under the tuition of that accomplished scholar.

"After disposing of the business that called him to England, Judge Hale was induced to join a party of friends, who, after finishing the tour of Europe, proposed to visit 'Egypt,' 'Syria,' and the 'Holy land.'

"So pleasant did this journey prove, and so leisurely did they enjoy themselves, that three years had passed before he returned. Philip meantime living at Woodbine Cottage, learning Latin and Greek of the doctor, and love of pretty Miriam.

"When his father returned, Philip went to Yale to finish his studies; and so well had he improved his time, he entered the Sophomore class.

"Of course letters passed between the children—so the elders still thought them, for Philip was only nineteen and Miriam seventeen. Little did they dream that they had learned the old, old story first learned in Eden, that they loved.

"Judge Hale seldom noticed Miriam; when he did, it was as a pretty lady-like child; but never did he think of her as worthy of 'his boy.'

"There was an English cousin, an heiress, Cecily Lattimer by name; a fair, gentle-looking girl, (I had seen her portrait at Rose Hill,) who had been selected by him as a fitting wife for Philip. During his visit at 'Hawthorn Grange,' Mr. Lattimer's country-seat, he had planned with that gentleman a marriage between the children, not dreaming either of them could object to a union so proper, so fitting the heir of Rose Hill, and the fine English estate that would be Cecily's.

"Oh! if he could only have opened his eyes and seen Miriam as she was, so high-bred, so intelligent, so nearly faultless.

"By her noble face, Cecily's blue eyes and light curls seemed well-nigh insignificant.

"To Miriam, her seventeen years had given a charm no mere beauty of features or freshness of bloom could ever bestow. Intellect crowned her fair young forehead, and from her deep hazel eyes looked forth a soul pure as a Madonna, a heart true in its deep devotion, as the 'Mary's who stood at the cross.'

"Philip graduated with the highest honors, and came back to Lyle, to us who loved him so dearly, for a long visit, before beginning the two years' travel his father considered absolutely necessary to a gentleman's education.

"As to Philip, much as he would have enjoyed this tour, it was very hard to leave Miriam.

"He could see in her eyes a glory no Italian sun could show, and what was the 'Venus de Medici,' or the 'Madonna in the Sistine Chapel,' to the saintly face of Miriam Thorn in the eyes of her lover?

"Beside, he hoped to enjoy the glories of Italy with Miriam, when every object would be doubly beautiful with her by his side.

"He told me this as we were walking together not long before he sailed, and I remember he spoke of the 'pictures, statues, and other treasures of art he would gather to grace their home, his home, and Miriam's.'

"Oh, Grace! I cannot tell you how much we enjoyed that bright summer. Will such an one ever dawn again for them?

"I can recall almost every incident of that bright season—the rides, drives, sails, walk, our sitting in happy silence, listening to the eternal anthem of praise that went up from the ocean.

"Loving both Philip and Miriam as I did, they never seemed to feel my presence a burden or restraint. Both of them had come to me in all their childish joys and sorrows, and in that great happiness both valued Lucy's sympathy.

"I think I was almost as happy as they. The only joys of my lonely orphaned girlhood had come from Philip and the Thorns, and to feel they, so dear, had entered this new Eden, was a greater joy than I can tell.

"How glad I have since been that I never envied them their happiness.

"How well I remember one evening when Philip came down to the beach where Miriam and I had been walking, watching the moon as it rose from the water, and poured its glittering silver over the waves, transfiguring their darkness to glory.

"'Lucy,' he called in his cheerful voice, 'make the most of me, you and Miriam; I find the "Stormy Petrel" sails in two days.'

"I remember now the expression of Miriam's face as she stood looking out over the water, and the chill that crept around my heart at his light words. Was it not a presentiment of coming evil? I do not know. I only know the shadow fell upon my heart; that I tried to put it aside with jest and laughter, but the chill would stay.

"Miriam shook off the gloom that fell over her at the announcement of his departure, and was for that evening the bright, lovely girl so dear to us both.

"The next day Judge Hale gave a grand dinner, and a ball in the evening, to which all the first families were invited, from far and near.

"If Philip had felt any fear in regard to the impression Miriam would make at this (her first) ball, he was more than satisfied. Very lovely she looked in the simple dress of India muslin, her white neck and arms veiled by filmy lace, and the color in her cheek like the faint blush in the heart of a damask rose.

"Huntingtons and Woolcotts looked at her approvingly, and Madam Saltinstall, from the purple velvet chair where she sat enthroned, inquired in a very audible whisper 'who was that very lovely girl with such a patrician face and manner? She must be from one of the old families.'

"I do not think she was at all aware of the impression she made, but Philip and I were, and we rejoiced to see our darling receiving the respect and admiration we knew she deserved.

"So passed in light and song the last evening of Philip's stay at home. Once during the evening we were in the conservatory together, watching Miriam, who was just then monopolized by an ex-governor, when Philip turned to me with that sadness that will come even to the lightest heart when parting for years from those they love:

"'Lucy, will you always be to my little Miriam all you have been? And if I should not return, oh! Lucy, I charge you to be her friend and sister, as you have been mine.'

"Then he told me 'he had spoken of his love to his father, and that although he told him he had formed other plans for him, still he consented, if they were of the same mind when Philip's two years of travel were ended.

"Just then the attention of the worthy ex-governor was demanded by his stately wife, and Philip going to Miriam, we had no more time for confidential conversation.

"The next day they parted, engaged with the apparently cordial consent of Judge Hale, and the real approval of Dr. Thorn, who loved Philip like a son, and understood his noble nature far better than his proud, cold father could. Not that Judge Hale did not love his son, but it was that love of which the Alpha and Omega is pride, not such a love as Dr. Thorn lavished upon his Miriam.

"They parted full of hope; the two years would soon pass away, and they were to be married on his return. Each tried, for the sake of the other, to be calm, and to dwell on the delight of his return, not on the loneliness of his absence.

"He gave us his blessing, and the 'Stormy Petrel' sailed. Grace, I never saw him again until to-night.

CHAPTER IV.

"It was in August he sailed, and for some months his letters came regularly and very often, for he wrote by every packet. And such letters! Oh! Grace, it was no wonder she loved him.

"There was no post-office nearer than Lyle, a mile distant; and one day in November I rode over to get the letter she expected, as Miriam was not well, and a dreary mist was falling. I would have gone through a far worse storm ten miles to hear from him.

"The letter was there, and with the treasure in my hand I rode rapidly homeward. At the door stood Miriam, smiling as I held up the white envelope. The letter was even more tender than usual; and in his note to me he said:

"'I sometimes feel, Lucy, as if I could not get on with the long, weary months that must pass before I can see Miriam; but I know you will comfort her, and be to her the faithful sister you have always been to us both. When I return, Lucy, your home shall be with us. I have gathered already a number of treasures of art for the home I so long for. God bless you, dear Lucy—you and little Miriam.'

"I can see Miriam as she sat on the rug by the open fire reading her letter, her eyes so full of happy light, and I can recall the sound of her clear, sweet voice when she said on finishing it, 'Lucy, I cannot thank God enough for all the light He has thrown on my path. From infancy my father has devoted himself to my happiness. Aunt Olivia has been the best of mothers; you have been a dear, true sister, and Philip! Lucy, I am not worthy of the deep, reverential love he gives me.'

"For a long time we sat together talking of the days when he would be with us, and of the home we should share in that *Eden we never reached.*

"It was not until the sound of her father's voice, calling for Miriam broke in upon our dreaming, that we left off building those 'castles in Spain' and came back to the real world.

"How well I remember the little group gathered in the pleasant parlor, how the ruddy glow of the open fire slept upon the pictures on the wall, and sparkled on the rich, old-fashioned silver and dainty china of the tea-service. Miss Olivia's pale, sweet face framed in the dark hair

sprinkled with silver, and shaded by the delicate lace of her cap—the soft lavender silk, fitting her so perfectly, and worn with an air of lady-like grace all her own.

"On the opposite side of the fire was Dr. Thorn, with his serene, scholarly face—a face that diffused light and warmth wherever he moved, looking tenderly at his daughter, whose bright head rested on his knee.

"I can see again the cheerful evening meal as we listened to Dr. Thorn, always a brilliant conversationist, and that night eloquent. And I remember how afterward we gathered in the library, while he read to us in a voice of singular power and sweetness favorite passages from the poets, both his and ours.

"All the evening the quiet beauty of this little home-picture filled my heart with a strange tenderness, for which I could not then account; but I knew too well afterward, I was to see that group so dear to me, gathered in peace and happiness, no more.

"In the morning Miriam and I rose early, as the doctor had promised us a sail if the day was fine. Soft and golden came the sunlight through the windows, and Miriam said joyfully, 'Lucy, the day will be lovely, a genuine Indian summer day. I will go and wake papa.'

"I heard her light step along the hall until she stopped at his door, and her clear voice calling him. Then she ran down to the library, thinking he might be there, as he sometimes rose early and finished any writing he might have to do, and be ready to ride or sail with his daughter; when breakfast was over, I heard her say 'How late you are this morning, papa, I expected you would call Lucy and I by daybreak. Oh! have you risen early to finish your writing so that we can spend all the morning on the water with a clear conscience?' A moment more and I heard her fall heavily to the floor.

"I ran down stairs with a sinking heart, dreading I know not what.

"Miriam had fallen across her father's feet, and as I stooped to raise her my forehead touched his hand. I saw it all—Dr. Thorn had sailed—not out on the bay at Lyle Beach, but on that greater ocean, whose waves each voyager must sail alone, and had cast anchor in the land-locked harbor of Eternal Life.

"I will not speak of the funeral, of Miss Thorn's broken heart, or Miriam's deep sorrow. I cannot, after all these years, speak of them without tears.

"Miss Olivia was older than her brother, and had loved him with the motherly love her years warranted, and after fifty griefs do not pass lightly over the head. She bore her sorrow quietly, but the thin hands grew a trifle more transparent, the patient face a few shades paler, and there was more silver in the smooth hair put back under the plain muslin cap.

"Miriam seldom spoke of her father even to me. I think she dared not trust her self-possession, and she knew the sight of her grief would be more than her aunt could bear.

"A week after the funeral I sat trying to write a note to Philip to go with Miriam's letter, but had not finished it, for the sight of Miriam's tears falling on the paper as she tried to tell him of her great sorrow, had made my heart ache so I could not frame a single connected sentence, and was about to lay down my pen in despair, when, I glanced from the window and saw Mr. Lane, the lawyer who had charge of Dr. Thorn's business, coming up the avenue.

"He did wear his usual keen, legal look. There was a sad expression on his face; and a fear of some new sorrow for Miriam, chilled my heart. She was absorbed in her letter, and did not see him. So I hurried down before he should have time to ring.

"'Ah! Miss Earl, I am glad it is you instead of Miriam; for I have come with sad tidings, and I am so cowardly, I shall charge you with breaking them to her, if you will.'

"I could not speak, to ask it's nature—and he seemed to dread the telling of it, as much as I did the hearing.

"At last he told me. Sadly enough, (for he had been a true friend of Dr. Thorn,) that 'a year before, he had been induced to invest largely in stock, in a Western railroad—that the road proved a failure, and every dollar invested in it was lost. The doctor, quiet, studious man, knew little of business, and nothing of speculation. To crown the whole of the troubles—a large mill in Rhode Island, of which Miriam was in part owner, had burned to the ground; and owing to her father's death, they had forgotten to renew the insurance policy, which expired a day or two before the fire.'

"'Now, Miss Earl,' said the lawyer, in conclusion, 'how can I tell that poor heart-broken girl she is penniless! How can she and her aunt, delicately reared as they have been, go out into a cold world, and work for their bread? How can I tell them they must leave this beautiful home! Oh, Miss Lucy! I cannot. God knows I would gladly share with her the little I have.'

"'Will there be nothing for them?' I asked.

"'Nothing! when all the affairs are settled, there will be nothing worth the name, left for them.'

"Just then the door opened, and Miriam came in. She did not know Mr. Lane was there, but had brought her letter down, for me to put mine in the same envelope.

"There must have been something legible in our faces, for she stopped suddenly, and said,

"'Mr. Lane! Lucy! tell me all!'

"Mr. Lane, in a voice he tried vainly to render firm, told her the story, and then, 'good Samaritan' that he was, offered 'her and Miss Thorn a home with him.'

"Miriam's face grew a shade paler, as she asked,

"'Will there be nothing for Aunt Olivia! can I keep a home for her?'

"Mr. Lane hesitated a moment, as if he could not inflict another blow, and then said, sadly, 'I am afraid not, Miriam, not if all the indebtedness, is discharged. But you can make your home with us; and I will try to do my best in saving something for you.'

"'My father's debts must all be paid, whatever is, or is not left for us; promise me this, Mr. Lane. I could not live, knowing there was one who could truthfully cast a shadow on his memory. How much I thank you for your kind offer to Aunt Olivia and myself, I cannot tell you; but it will not be until I fail in supporting myself. I will not add to the burdens you are so bravely bearing. God bless you for this new evidence of your true friendship. It will be remembered one day with the Samaritan's "oil and wine." For my poor aunt I am very sorry, but I know she will say as I do—every debt must be fully paid.'

"'I knew that would be your answer; and you are right, Miriam. But, oh! my poor child, you do not know what poverty means. I cannot bear to think of it for Richard's child.'

"The tender mention of her father's name, by his old friend, was too much for poor Miriam, and tears filled her eyes as she looked the thanks she could not find voice to speak. She knew the heart of the plain, gray-haired old lawyer, and how true his love had been for her father. She knew he was sincere in his offer of giving her a home, notwithstanding his household consisted of six orphan grand-children, an invalid aunt, and an old man, to all of whom he had given a home for years; and all this without an idea he was doing anything beyond his simple duty.

"All this she knew; and the sympathy of this good man gave her courage. Surely in a world that could still boast of such hearts, she would not be wholly alone; at heart this old man bearing cheerfully so many burdens for others, should be her example. If he could toil patiently on for so many—she could for her aunt, whose tender love had blessed her whole life.

"So when Mr. Lane rose to go, she thanked him again for his kindness, and bade him a farewell, almost cheerful; and he left with a feeling of reverence for this young girl, who could bear so bravely, so calmly, the prospect of losing the luxuries that had made her home so beautiful.

"Not one word of regret for herself, but for her aunt it was hard to bear.

"For myself I looked at her fair, young face, from which the sorrow of the last few days had banished the color, stamped with so much of high resolve and patient courage, with an admiration beyond what words could express.

"After Mr. Lane left us, we sat for a long time trying to form some plans for the future that would promise success, the bell rang, and Judge Hale was announced, and entered with his usual stately politeness.

"I was sorry to see him just then, and I think Miriam was, for she stood a little in awe of him, and he was not one whose presence of sorrow could be a comfort. Still he was 'Philip's father,' and feeling that the confidence was required, she told with the simple directness of her character the story.

"If a gentleman of the judge's dignity could be surprised, he probably was; but there was no trace of it on his proud, cold face. He listened politely, and with the deepest attention, but for the first time in my life I distrusted him.

"I cannot tell you how it was, but I felt that this great trial of poor Miriam's was not the grief to him it should have been.

"A stranger might have been touched by the sight of this young girl, so delicately reared, an orphan, and penniless, in one short week, and yet bearing her deep bereavement so patiently.

"But no, if he had not approved of his son's choice in the days of her prosperity, he would not be apt to do it when she was left destitute. I wondered he did not propose to recall Philip and let him share his abundance with her, but I did not know him yet.

"Miriam as she looked at his grand dinner, faultlessly dressed, high-bred, self-poised, and so lovely as to win approval from Madam Saltinstall if not the one he had chosen for Philip, still would do no discredit to the representative of the Hales, but, Miriam as a school-teacher, was not to be thought of.

"I felt, then, this was his purpose, but chid myself as unjust for cherishing such a suspicion of him, and did not speak of it to her after his departure, which speedily came. Leaving his 'compliments' for Miss Thorn, for they were too coolly ceremonious to be regarded as expressions of regret, he took leave of his son's betrothed wife.

"As he rose to go his eye fell on the letter to Philip, and he said, with apparently thoughtful care, 'Shall I mail this for you, Miriam? I am going to drive over to Lyle.'

"She thanked him gratefully; even this small attention was precious. Evincing as she fondly thought a wish to do some little service for her comfort, but it was not quite pleasant to me. Why was this sudden distrust of Judge Hale in my heart? Oh! if instead of trying to banish this feeling I had been on my guard, and made sure the letters she wrote really left the office! But I tried to believe in him, until it was too late, I would not knowingly add one drop to the full cup in her hand by expressing distrust of Philip's father, her trials were bitter enough without that." (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Wife and Squaws.

I heard an anecdote of Kaffirland to day, which, though perfectly irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it, particularly as my informant vouches for its truth. At an outpost far up the country resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and untying her bonnet, let down her long, fair hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands; and then proceeded to divest her of her shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. The next morning the lady and her husband were awakened at an early hour by a chatting under their window, and on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of our fair countrywoman, that he had come with *twelve* squaws, to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused!—*Major Paget's "Camp and Cantonment."*

SALUTE A CHEVAL.—There recently lived at Palermo, Sicily, an old priest who passed for a little cracked-un poco motto, as the Italians say. His name was Don Liberatore. He had an odd whim. Whenever a carriage passed by him he would bow profoundly. The idle young fellows would laugh and say: "Don Liberatore, you have strangely aristocratic acquaintances for a man of your station of life. Where in the deuce did you make the acquaintance of all those lords?" "Bless your heart, child, I don't salute the lords, I salute their horses." "Their horses? And pray why do you salute their horses?" "In the first place, child, because I think it very good-natured to drag about people as they do; in the second place because I feel I am under personal obligation to the horses, therefore I tender them my thanks! because if those aristocratic people had not horses to drag them about, they would take you and I."

☞ PUNCTUALITY.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'ER 16, 1865.

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MEMORIES.

The heart has memories that never die; the rough usage of the world cannot obliterate them. Feeble age, trembling on the brink of the grave, has them when everything else has fled and been forgotten. They are memories of home, early home; the house where we were born, the yard with its wealth of roses and flowering vines; the lilac bushes where the robins made their nests spring after spring, paying their rent in songs, such as we dream of, but never hear afterwards; the old elms and the swing where the children used to play, all the while the mother sat by the low front window, her face beaming out occasionally through the folds of the dainty muslin curtain; the same old house with its pointed gables, quaint cornices and antique windows—the frescoed chambers where we used to dream of all the great, glad world had in store for us. Dear old home, with its gay dreams and sunny hours, and cloudless skies and visions of bliss, and glorious happiness, gone, all gone.

The traveller, climbing the mountains of a land not his own, will, amid all his toils and all his changes, revert ever and anon, to the time when a youth or a school-boy, he roamed the fields and hills of his own native home.

The mariner, rocked by the storms of the sea, or resting at some foreign port, will run through the long lapse of years back to the hours when, with a brother and sister, he frolicked the joyous hours of youth away.

Neither change nor time, neither age nor years, neither distance nor disease, neither guilt nor passion can ever efface or blot from the heart those memories of the spring time of life, thoughts such as will reproduce, on the verge of eternity, the freshness of emotion, of life, and desire with which existence on earth began.

SYMPATHY.

There are hearts that ache in every household; and the aching heart hungers for sympathy. The neglected child that crosses our path, or whose little pinched, weird face looks in at our door, "for broken pieces;" the youth whom the world has flattered and crushed; the proud, ambitious man, whose hopes have been wrecked, and who feels that he has nothing for which to live; old age tottering on his staff; the peerless woman, and flaunting belle, all have unutterable longings for sympathy.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said the dying Nelson. At that bitter hour, even the stern man of battle longed for some visible expression of kindness, and love.

It is strange that, poor, weak, erring creatures as we are, we have so little sympathy for others. Too few of us that look upon the sorrows of others, as He looked upon them who went about relieving human misery, and who spake to the downcast and miserable, words of unequaled tenderness. We seem to forget that we are all members of one family—that we are all subject to like feelings; and that it is as hard for others to suffer as it is for ourselves. As we see the deformed, the beggar, the feeble, and pinched by want, and care, we seldom think how sadly we should feel in their situation. We smile easily at some silly flippant remark of our next neighbor without thinking how our crushed spirit would feel at a smile.

We let some trivial thing prevent us from visiting the stranger, the sick, and the needy, never once thinking how we should feel languishing in pain, without the soothing influence of friend or acquaintance; passing the long, weary hours, uncertain whence the sustenance was to come to save us from perishing.

Yet who has made us to differ? He who has rendered our lives pleasant, has made others unfortunate, and we are unworthy of the blessings He has bestowed upon us, if we are unwilling to impart them to others. Our feelings should be so susceptible to misfortune that we cannot passively endure that another should suffer. When Sir Philip Sidney was dying on the battle-field, an attendant brought him some water. A wounded soldier looked wishfully at the cup.

"Bear it to him," said the noble man, "his necessity is greater than mine."

Beautiful! the generous philanthropy that filled his great soul. Not only those whose names have come down to us, but Heaven is full of those of whom fame says nothing.

The child who labors to support and make pleasant the declining years of a parent, is a philanthropist in the sight of God, and however little is known of them here, their names are spoken among the angels.

The man of limited means who makes a pleasant home for another whom circumstance or misfortune has rendered homeless, is as noble in the sight of God, as the millionaire who founds an asylum, and whose name is chiseled in granite and trumpeted over the world.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

It is curious to consider how one thing influences another in this world. The report of the approach of the Cholera from the far East, is already having an effect upon the demand for property in the rural districts of this, and we suppose, all the other large Atlantic cities. Timorous, and even prudent, fathers and husbands scent danger a long way off. If the Cholera should happen to reach America by next Spring or Summer, they would like to have their families either in the country, or in one of the rural districts. They remember that Germantown, for instance, was perfectly safe during the terrible yellow fever year, and felt the ravages of the Cholera season very slightly. And so there begins to be a fresh inquiry for property in the rural districts, and in the highest and healthiest portions of the city proper. Well, even if the Cholera should not come, it will not hurt the children to give them a little more fresh air and room to play than they have been accustomed to.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STANDISH. This book is fairly written, and comes from the pen of a southern lady, who has evidently made good use of her faculties in general observation. All the characters are very marked—some noble and beautiful. The plot is well laid and sustained. In the invasion of Virginia, we have some really masterly descriptions of the contests between contending armies, that would do no discredit to the pen of an old soldier.

The variety of womanhood found in this volume, is interesting. Ella, gentle, confiding, intelligent, struggling up from a bereavement worse than death. The fiery Italian, with her wild love and unsettled reason; the old maiden sister of Horace Standish, self-willed, precise, and provoking—yet good with all. Rosalie Uperman, with her fair face and graceful wiles; Minne Campbell, a perfect type of girlish, yet womanly nobility. Mrs. Campbell, the kindhearted scold, and Virginia Lee, the young betrothed of the Confederate Colonel, whose only happiness after his fall, rests in doing good to the sick and suffering. Her action was altogether womanly and noble when she came with delicacies to Ella and her husband, while the latter was held wounded and a prisoner; and for thanks, claiming only that they would be kind to some sufferer in the North. In her we have no bitterness, no rebellion, but a proud, enthusiastic and lofty nature, adapting itself to the fate God has willed, and bearing her lot uncomplainingly

Mr. Talbot's family gives a faithful picture of life. Edward, the young clergyman, giving himself with all his great heart to the cause of the Union, while his handsome brother, because his beloved thinks it right, goes to the other side, and bows his father's patriotic old head with grief.

In Mr. Campbell we see a true type of the generous, honest-hearted Western man. *Standish*, the Artist hero of the work, is a pleasing delineation of character, affording a contrast to others, but probably less marked in reality, than other characters by whom he is surrounded.

The book deserves success.

MRS. GOODFELLOW'S COOKERY AS IT SHOULD BE. T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is a carefully written work, containing the most useful receipts for all kinds of cooking. The authoress has not drawn upon fancy, evidently, but has given her practical knowledge of this indispensable art. We can commend it to all housekeepers as a valuable addition—especially the young and inexperienced. It should be the ambition of a woman to obtain knowledge such as that in which these pages abound. She says justly: "The first object of a woman's care must be the family laboratory—the kitchen. On that being well looked to, the health and happiness of the household depend."

SCENES IN A "SANCTUM."

No. 5.

"How nice it seems, to get back once more to my 'chair editorial!' I believe I have formed a real attachment for it." And I settled myself down coolly within the sheltering arms, feeling glad and grateful to throw off the lassitude of a recent illness, and come back again to the daily routine of life.

"Then you were not glad to escape the thousand and one ills to which an editor is heir?—the heaps of letters, illegible MS., inapropos calls, &c. I see you have yet to learn the full extent of the responsibility you have taken upon yourself. When you have received the lesson well, the sight of a 'sanctum' will give you a fit of the horrors."

"Why? Because of the labors that seem to increase from day to day? On that principle, every creature must be dissatisfied with his life, and grow disgusted with his daily occupations. All must work—at least all who are fit for anything. There are some rich ones who have no need to labor; but for the 'idle rich,' I fear I have as much contempt as for the 'shiftless poor'—those unlucky wretches who have no ambition to do more than merely keep the miserable soul and body together. God, in creating human beings, gave to each a capacity for doing good, and I cannot conceive how it is possible for a good man or woman to fall back upon the fortunate circumstances of their birth or after events in life, and content themselves with hiding their talents away in a napkin. It seems to me the rich and influential should be the most active and energetic. But, as I was saying, we would have a hard world if everybody should become dissatisfied with his calling—the merchant with his goods, the banker with his bills, (which is not possible!) the lawyer with his tomes, the doctor with his drugs, the author with his books and pen. In every useful avocation, every motive power that keeps the wheels of action in harmonious revolution, labor is involved; and the wise man must centre his interest there. He will find scope for his energies, and a necessity also for the concentration of the powers within him, upon the accomplishment of certain objects. And where we are interested we find pleasure—a pleasure both keen and intense, despite the aching frame and weary eyes. Whatever occupies the intellect, and at the same time gives action to the physical nature, is a blessing to man, for then his whole organization is kept in a healthy state, unless he passes beyond the prescribed limits of his power and overtaxes himself."

"Which he is very apt to do, if he is an Editor," answered the ex-editor, demurely, half amused with my long tirade, yet unwilling to show it.

"Bah! why can't you let the poor creatures alone? Is it not enough for everybody else to be heaping upon their shoulders as much as they can stagger under, without voluntarily drawing a double burthen upon yourself? After all, as a class, they have a huge array of privileges that is nice to contemplate. Think of the power they wield with such sweeping results. What would the world be without news and literary papers? We are the leaders in the foremost ranks of humanity. The most rabid politician; the most self-sufficient ruler in any land, especially ours, would fall far short of his aim without us to help him on to the accomplishment of what he aspires to. This, however, is a mere atom in the mass of advantages. To be a first-rate, popular Editor, is to occupy a position which ought to please any reasonable man. It is necessary that he should have annoyances, too, such as you mentioned awhile since—quite as necessary as thunder in warm weather, which tells us with emphatic voice, that the noisome vapors of earth are being destroyed, and that the air will be purified by the lightning which consumes them. On the whole, I like editors—think them rather a lucky race."

"Can you extract honey from aloes?"

"Not exactly; but I can adapt myself to the circumstances of my life so readily, that much sweet will be found in the bitter. From the contrasts of light and shade, we learn to enjoy light more keenly. If we had no sorrows, could we say that we understood the meaning of joys? Every situation in life has its different aspects. We expect disagreable and trying things, if we profit at all by the teachings that are handed down to us as the generations pass away. Why then, can we not be philosophical, since philosophy is but common sense, and go on our way contentedly, doing our work with cheerfulness; and when ills come, bearing them meekly, if we cannot *work* them from us? If there is a remedy, find it. If there is not, put the foe to your peace behind your back, and in your earnestness of labor on other things, forget that it came—or, at least, to care for its coming. Indeed I think it great weakness and folly to be discontented with our lot. We ought to find out what is best suited to us; and when we have once entered upon life actively, take pleasure in whatever occupies our energies and interests."

"Very true, and if you can do it, I am content. But wait! Philosophy will desert you after the lapse of some years when you lose your youth and freshness; when your hair is streaked with silver—the lines in your face deepen to wrinkles, and the eyes grow too weak and dim for use. However, this is not the welcome to give you in coming back, and I beg your pardon. May you always feel as happy in returning to your sanctum as now. I can wish it for you, though I do not hope it."

"Incorrigible," I answered, and laughingly took up my pen. "But I do think it pleasant to be an Editor, though there is not a day when my patience is not taxed severely."

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

☞ A correspondent says the Saratoga tribe of Indians is dying out. It consists this year of six or eight Canadian Frenchman, a Labradorian, two octogenarian squaws, and a North American pappoose.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

El Paye del Diave—Thunder and Lightning—Guachos—Guannacos—Curious Water Courses—A Night Ride.

I am nowise positive that this *Paye del Diave*, Devil's Country, will, in its investigation, afford any great amount of profit, but it being in our way, and happening to remember that very little has ever been said or written, either historically or geographically, about this queer, out-of-the-way corner of the world, it has occurred to me that we may possibly find within its limits something new, perhaps amusing to the general reader.

This country of the Devil has for its northern limit the River Salado, a stream some four hundred and forty miles in length, flowing to the eastward, nearly parallel to the Rio de la Plata, some eighty miles on an average to the southward of that river, and discharging its waters into the estuary of the La Plata, about midway between Cape San Antonio and the city of Buenos Ayres.

From the Salado the Devil's Land stretches away to the southward, nearly to Bahia Blanco, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, and from the sea coast to its interior limits the average width is not far from two hundred and fifty.

This extensive territory is by no means a barren waste or region of desolation. It is prolific enough of life, such as it is, but for all the benefit the country has ever been, or is ever likely to be to humanity, the South Atlantic Ocean at this point might just as well have been widened two hundred and fifty miles or so, leaving *El Paye del Diave* out of the atlas and the world altogether.

The region is a vast plain, studded through many portions of it with numerous small circular knolls of slight elevation, and covered with a dense growth of brushwood, no trees of any considerable size being anywhere found. The general surface of the territory is clad in strong, coarse, reedy grass, with an undergrowth of much the same kind of herbage found on the pampas. Throughout the entire length, and nearly the whole width of the region, the soil is a black vegetable mould, mixed liberally with sea sand, and so impregnated with the nitrate of potash that in places where the pecars, and one or two other rooting animals have turned over the sod, acres together present a surface as white as a field clad in a snow mantle.

There are many wild cattle, horses and hogs, in all parts of the country, except along the sea coast. Wild animals of many small varieties, and two or three that are found no where else in South America, perhaps not in the world, abound here, fish of many kinds and excellent quality are plentiful in all the streams; while birds, with the exception of a kind of pinnated grouse, the crimson flamingo, and an uncommonly queer wading fellow that we shall come upon by and by, are no where numerous. Insects and reptiles—of the latter one or two pestiferous fellows that we shall likely enough make the acquaintance of before we get out of this Devil's Country, are everywhere, except for twenty miles or so along the sea coast, and there there is nothing but desolation and thunder and lightning.

I would advise mariners that should they ever take a fancy to get cast away on a desolate coast, this one will suit their purpose to a dot. Only if they object to wading through liquid lightning and being dinned totally deaf with everlasting thunder, some other desolate coast will suit their purpose a great deal better.

But we have not gone to thunder and lightning yet. There is a race of Buenos Ayrean Bedoins between us and it. Let us discuss them briefly.

The *Guach* proper of the Paye del Diave are the wild Arabs of America, wilder than any Camanche, Crow, or Arrapaho that ever existed. It is usual to hear travellers write, and even Buenos Ayreans speak, of the half wild, half breed, wandering barbarians that infest the pampas and sierras of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, as *Guachos*. This is a mistake. They are no more like the genuine savage of the Devil's Country than Bengalese is like a Bohemian.

These fellows, the *Guachos* of this particular region, possess no characteristics of features or habits suggestive of the most remote relationship to either the white, red or black races on this continent. They are essentially Egyptians in features and complexion, and real Arabs in all their customs. Their life is in the saddle, their saddles of their own rude fabric. They dress in skins of animals and other material, when they can steal it from vessels wrecked along the coast, whose crews they murder indiscriminately, they shoot arrows, hurl lances with great force and precision, capture their game, and frequently their human victims, with the lasso, ride like the wind, are most arrant cowards and thieves, are nomadic in habits, having no permanent habitation, drifting with the winds and something with the seasons, from the interior to the coast, from North to South, and *vice versa*, as hunting, fishing or plunder invites.

Such is the *Guacho* of the Devil's Land upon first acquaintance. If we do not learn to know him better before we return to the regions of civilization, it will be more than a wonder.

And now, provided there are no objections to the visit, let us go to thunder—and lightning. Perhaps it is, or was this very singular phenomenon that suggested to the superstitious Magellan, as he coasted along the low, sandy shore, the name *El Paye del Diave*. It is certainly enough to remind one of His Satanic Majesty's dominions.

Only imagine the electric fluid fizzing, spitting, sputtering, zig-zagging, here, there, and everywhere, over the whole surface of the hard, bare earth, all along the coast, for leagues and leagues, the whole space flooded with fire, seemingly liquid, streaked in white, green, yellow, and vivid crimson, the flood knee deep, and in the air, a few feet above it, a continual cracking and snapping as a million revolvers were all at work at once, the atmosphere foul with a most villainous smell of sulphur, the infernal exhibition continuing often for hours, and during the summer time recurring nightly, sometimes for a whole week consecutively. One night our whole party, the ladies included, rode our horses for more than two hours through thunder and lightning, with no other unpleasant results than getting nearly suffocated with the fumes of sulphur.

I have no explanation to offer in regard to the cause of this singular electric phenomenon; but the thing is there, as many a living witness can attest—as any man or woman may assure themselves by riding along the shore of *El Paye del Diave*, as we vagabonds in search of South American civilization did.

About midway of this southern, Satan's kingdom, we begin first to make the acquaintance of the animal which affords the fur for the beautiful *guannaco* robes so much in demand in Northern Europe. Further south, far down into Patagonia, they abound in countless legions.

The Guannaco is a variety of the deer family, about half the weight of our North American animal, though taller in proportion than the American deer. He is a remarkably symmetrical little fellow, something timid, but not particularly shy of man. His coat is of long, soft fur, instead of hair, anchre red on the back, shading to a pale yellow along the sides, and changing again to a clear white under the belly.

The flesh of the half-grown fawn is the most delicate meat morsel I ever tasted, and that of the full-grown animal is far superior to any of our venison. Many a broil and roast, and stew of guannaco venison, we had while "doing" the Devil's Country. And I think I may say here, that if I could get a reliable guarantee of as comfortable quarters and capital living in that other empire of the Old Gentleman in Black, as we found during our residence in his terrestrial dominions, I think I should prefer that locality to any other future state I have any knowledge of.

Every individual thing about this queer country appears to have its own peculiar features, distinguishing it from objects like but not similar every where else.

Not the least curious feature of the country is its water-courses. Along the whole extent of coast there are only three or four insignificant streams that empty their waters into the ocean direct. The others nearly all run very directly north or south, and totally unlike the water-courses in all other low, level countries, they almost invariably run in a right line, without turn or bend, from source to mouth.

In topographizing the country, as we did for a period of about nine weeks, I do not think we found a half dozen streams between the Salado and Rio Blanco, where, in fording, the water reached our saddle-girths. There are two other peculiarities about these curious water-courses more singular than their bee-line direction. These were, first, the circumstance that, notwithstanding the streams run as they do through that black alluvial mould and sea-sand, the beds of all the streams we saw were of hard, beautiful gravel, very uniform in size, but of all shades and colors that ever gravel-stones were.

The other incomprehensible feature was the velocity of the current in all the streams. They seemed to flow quite four times as fast as they ought to through a country that appeared a dead level. We guessed, and studied, and argued, and no plausible solution appearing, we finally decided that the devil was in all the streams, as well as the country at large, and dropped it at that.

It was not often, while scouting in this land of Satan and his *Guacha* imps, that we ventured far out from our camp in weak parties—never singly. But one day, directly after dinner, seven of us set out from our "butted knoll," and rode away to the southward in quest of two singular, uncouth animals that we had got a glimpse of in the jungle of one of the hummocks on the previous day. There had been no appearance of Guachas about our camp for several days, and we apprehended no sort of trouble from the rascals.

We started the beasts up about three leagues from camp, and after running and racing, and charging through brambles for two hours or so, we lost the things, without quite finding out what they were, and directly afterwards we succeeded in loosing ourselves so effectually, that we had no more idea of the right way home than we had of what our respective governments at home were doing.

To make matters worse it came on night, as dark as Lower Egypt, and began to drizzle rain, and we in our light hunting coats, and no supper. Comfortable prospect—very—but there in the Devil's Country all night among wild beasts, and perhaps wilder Guachas.

Yes, we were. Or in the neighborhood of the Arabs, if not actually among them, for after we had floundered about two hours so, and fell in to numerous armadillo pits, there came, close to us, first a sudden tramp of horses' feet, and a second or two later came the hissing whiz of arrows a great deal closer.

As quick as thought the doctor flashed out one of those brilliant French pocket "Fresnels," one of which he always carried about him, and there, not ten yards from us, were at least half a score of mounted *Guachos*. A rattling volley from our revolvers brought two of the rascals out of their saddles to a certainty. The remainder of the party let fly a flight of arrows, hitting no one, and then away they all went, tearing through the tall grass, and doubling round the wooded knolls, and away we went, hot-foot in the chase, following by sound, and riding every whit as well as the Arabs, so that we held them continually under fire—only the great trouble was we couldn't see where to fire in the intense darkness.

I think the rascals rode as those Devil's rivers ran, straight from some unknown necessity, for after an hour perhaps of the wildest night-riding that I have any knowledge of, we suddenly saw the gleaming of our camp fires—directly we heard the ringing reports of our heavy United States rifles in the camp, and we knew that our friends were having a tussle with the thieving Guachas.

Cator blew a brilliant *tan-tan tarra* on his French horn to apprise our people of our coming, and directly getting the run-agates between us and the light of our camp fires, we began potting away at them again, tumbling four of them overboard, the remainder shooting off at a tangent and escaping.

In going over the field after the fight was over, we found thirteen Guachas, who were probably on their way to the Devil's Country better than the one they had just quitted, and seven severely hurt, one of whom having a tolerable knowledge of Spanish informed us that they had been planning the attack a whole week, and that the party we had run into camp so rapidly had been sent out expressly to cut us off.

☞ PERTLY.—The attention of a little girl having been called to a rosebush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother—"See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

A Lesson.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Enticed by the softness and salubriousness of the sweet August evening, I left my books and went forth to see what nature had written on her leaves of green, what gifts she had left in her delicately painted cups of pink and azure, what new songs the birds had learned; and if the chant of the bees as they touched the red lips of the clover, was as monotonous as ever.

The day had been glorious—one of those which I remember in my childhood to have christened by the significant appellation of white, showing, of course, that even so far back I had my black days—one of those rare delights in the time world, when every nerve throbs with happiness, and all that is within us looks up and thanks God for creation. The sweet, soft air, laden with perfume, and the white cloud palaces floating so very near us, it would seem we might bathe our hands in their fleecy drapery. The birds crooning out their love songs. But now the day was spent, and like a coy maiden she went tripping away on her golden sandals, trailing her robe over the daisies and clover, a little song of gladness trilling out on her rosy lips, running up and down the gamut of her joy. Looking back, she beckoned me with a smile so bright I could but follow. A light cloud was floating near me; instinctively I reached out my hand, tenderly it was clasped, and I was seated in the peony car, by my side a sweet, fair face, too beautiful for a world like this, while her lips opened with a melody sweet as the song of seraph.

"Mortal, thou hast been sad; a weary feeling of unrest, not wise in one who feels his love and knows his care, tender beyond words."

She said no more, and on we soared through the fields of ether that intervened between the world I had left and the glories of that bright one to which we hastened. I turned not to cast one lingering look behind, nor to breathe one farewell sigh; and as we neared our destined port my visions of happiness grew brighter. When at length I set my foot on the surface of another world, I saw no disappointment, for it was even more lovely than I had expected.

The gentle gales swept over spicy groves, and their rich perfume was mingled with ceaseless and ever-varying melody. It was too much for my earthly senses, and overpowered I sank on its bosom.

When my reason returned, I was reposing on a downy couch covered with silken drapery, and an inmate of a princely mansion.

The floors were of polished agate; the jasper walls, and blaze of diamonds dazzled me. Then there floated up through the rift of flowers more beautiful than I had ever seen before, the soft murmuring of a fountain, mingling with strains of soul-subduing melody, and throwing a gentle calm over my excited soul. Raising myself to survey more narrowly the apartment in which I found myself, I saw, sitting by my side, a young and lovely lady far more beautiful than the one that had been my companion.

She arose, motioned silence, and glided noiselessly from the room. She soon returned, bringing in her hands a pomegranate and some grapes, and bade me rise and partake thereof. When I had finished my repast she said gently:

"Who art thou? and from whence art thou come?" I arose and led her to the window. The sun had set, and a faint beautiful star shone in the East. I pointed to it and said:

"But a short time since I was an inhabitant of yon world; I was tired, faint, and weary—and without meaning to murmur, my tears would sometimes fall. Often I looked at the bright realms above me, and wished in my heart I could leave my earthly home for one where there would be no care—no weary work-day toil for bread."

I thought to speak bravely, but my tears were falling; the splendor pained me. Sweetly she put her arms about me, and called me "sister," so sweet, so musical to one who had never known a sister's love.

"We have no cares, no sorrows here; for everything that we desire is placed at our disposal. I am mistress of all the wealth thou seest; and, if thou wilt accept of the gift, one-half shall be thine—and thou shalt be to me as a sister." I acceded to her proposal. Time passed on. I mingled with the gay and happy, for none else were there. I never heard a sigh nor saw a tear. Toil and trouble were not known; but endless song, and revelry reigned supreme.

After the novelty of my new life had a little worn off, a changed feeling of sadness crept over me; the very brightness wearied me; I was one of them, but not satified; I yearned for something else, and longed to talk to them of that future when the redeemed of the earth should go up and stand in their white robes before His great white throne, there to live, and reign forever."

"I do not understand you," said my new sister, "please explain to me!" And when I told her of the wondrous plan whereby a lost and ruined world was redeemed—that by the sacrifice of one, atonement was made for all, she said, "Oh, that is for the earth and its inhabitants; we of this sphere, have a different lot, the atonement was not made for us."

Oh, the agony of that moment! The star that was once my home, shone brightly above my head; and gladly would I have borne all its sorrows, if thereby I might have again inhabited it. Reason was well nigh dethroned; and in the agitation of my soul, I uttered a piercing cry, and awoke. I was still on earth; and from the very depths of my soul, I thanked my heavenly Father—shouldering willingly my pack of care, only too thankful that I was still one of those for whom He died; still one of those for whom He has a loving care.

A PLEASANT WIND-UP.—The Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company carried during the month of July 45,963 passengers to Atlantic City. During August they carried 57,286 passengers, making a total of 103,269. A large number of passengers for way stations are not included in this count. The trains have been run with great regularity. Not a single casualty has occurred on the road during the season.

☞ Sydney Smith's joke about cold missionary on the sideboard in New Zealand, has been realized there, a set of native fanatics making it a religious duty to roast and eat foreigners. They have actually devoured one missionary.

☞ NOBLE ACT.—The consciousness of a noble act is itself nobility.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VERNET.

The Peccary.

He is a hog beyond all question—the peccary, but a monstrous queer one both in his appearance and manners. He is an animal worth the hunting after by students of Natural History, proprietors of menageries and zoological collections, and considering that he is common enough in all South American regions eastward of the Atlantic Coast Range, from about the parallel of 10 deg. south latitude, to that of 37, it is something a trifle singular that the animal should not have made more acquaintance abroad.

As a hog simply, the peccary would scarcely bear competition with our improved Chesters and Berkshires, but as a curiosity in the pig line he is worth a paragraph or two by way of introduction. He is never a great hog—inasmuch as the very largest specimens rarely exceed a hundred and fifty pounds weight. He might do better perhaps if fattening the fellow were a possibility. But he will never put on flesh, at least other than a lean, sinewy, tough material, and is only fit for food while a very young pig.

The peccary being always as thin as a shad, and not very lengthy, his weight is made up of altitude and extraordinary large, strong bones. In color he resembles a bushel of lime and coal dust evenly mixed, in personal appearance he resembles a—peccary, and nothing else in the whole animal creation. Standing fully a third taller at his fore-shoulders than he does at the hind-quarters, with the bristles along the spine increasing in length, from two inches on the rump, to five or more along the neck, the animal, with his back towards one, and trotting leisurely away, looks very like as if he were running on his hind legs and climbing up stairs in the bargain.

The tusks of the peccary are very formidable weapons, both of offence and defence, and he is always ready to exercise them upon the slightest provocation, and engaged in combat with a rival antagonist of his own porcine family, a wild animal of any other species, a hunter's dog, or the unwary hunter himself, he rips and cuts and slashes as if his determination were—"victory or death," though to do the guerilla justice it must be confessed that he very rarely provokes a quarrel with either man or beast—never, perhaps, except in defending the approaches to the shelter of a mother peccary and her litter of helpless piggies.

Though distinctly gregarious, the animals never collect in large communities, it being an unusual thing to find more than two families consisting of it may be eight or ten sows, with their progeny of recent birth and two grim old boars, in one locality, the old bristlers dividing the females and the duty of protecting them very amicably between them. Sometimes, however, far in the interior, where the animals are more numerous, when on their travels, a hundred or more of the peccaries are found in company, and the warriors of the tribe make common cause against all aggressors, whether brute or human, fighting with the utmost fury for liberty and their unalienable rights.

They are granuiverous in habit, though not exclusively so, as they are especially fond of eggs of birds and the young fledgelings themselves, which they hunt out with great sagacity, nor do they hesitate to make a meal off any carcass of horse or bullock that they may chance to drift upon in their wanderings, and let an unfortunate dog fall in a conflict with them, and the ravenous old sows will very likely put the disabled canine out of sight before he is scarcely done yelping, while their bristling lords are carrying on the conflict all around them.

The peccary takes readily to the water, and it is really amusing to see a drove of them—old grandfathers, middle-aged mothers, youthful porcines, and small piggies, all standing straight up in and in a stream too deep to ford, swimming perpendicularly, and ferrying themselves over.

With the exception of a narrow strip along the spine, where the long, stout bristles grow, the skin of the peccary is of a very fine, close texture, and properly dressed, affords a soft, flexible leather almost as impervious to water as the best gum overshoe.

Once, in one of our pedestrian tramps about the head waters of the Hingu, between the villages of Santa Anna and Guyaba, our little party came quite unawares in among a herd of nearly a hundred emigrating peccaries, and although well provided with all the appliances of wood warfare, so furiously did the bristling rascals set upon us that we were glad enough to seek safety in the friendly tree-tops, where the belligerent vagabonds held us close prisoners until we grew weary enough of roosting in trees. At length, however, having seemingly satisfied themselves that they were masters of the situation, the peccaries quietly went their way, and then we went ours.

THE CHOLERA.—A correspondent speaks as follows in reference to the expected visitor, the cholera:

When this dreadful scourge of God was expected in this country, more than thirty years ago, some cities prepared for it, others did not, and the mortality was in the ratio of that preparation.

The writer, a Philadelphian, was then residing in Boston, a city which escaped the visit of the pestilence. But that escape was not chance, it was like God's other benefits, the result of the use of means. When every indication gave assurance that this country would be visited by cholera there was in Boston no panic, and none left the city who had any inducement to remain. Public meetings were held, and money freely contributed for the thorough cleansing of the city. Numerous committees, of two gentlemen each, were appointed, who visited *every dwelling*, inspecting cellars, closets, drains and yards. Every sort of rubbish and filth was removed by public carts, and cellars whitewashed. Two large houses were rented and fitted up with baths, medicines, etc., four nurses were placed in each, and two physicians appointed to each. What was the result? Only two or three cases of cholera, and not a single case taken to either hospital. Was ever money and time better spent?

☞ Of all the specimens of German-American orthography that ever saw the light, that of a Hartford saloon-keeper is the most excruciating. He has "painted him a sign," and it reads "Boshdevele Nodrushd." "Positively no trust."

A Chapter On Old Bachelors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Old bachelors! Faugh! I am sick at the bare thought. What are they but peevish, ill-natured, fault-finding, sour specimens of humanity, who ignoring the blessed influence of a wife and children, curl themselves up churlishly in their dens, growling and finding fault with the other and greater half of mankind, who appreciating the pleasures and joys of matrimony, have taken unto themselves ribs, and are blessed with blooming scions from the parental stock—envious of the happier and better lot of their more fortunate brethren, and having no other way of revenging themselves, rail at humanity in general, and women and children in particular, while all the time they are secretly wishing that they only had had the spunk and spirit to have gone and done likewise. Look into an old bachelor's den, redolent with dirt and must, clothes, boots, books, and papers, strewn over the floor, or thrown helter-skelter in corners or on chairs; bed unmade or half made, shirts buttonless, dickeys stringless, linen unaired, stockings with great gaping holes in the heels, everything wearing an air of loneliness and discomfort, and who, even the most inveterate, would not be ready to forswear single-blessedness, and seriously meditate matrimony? Well, old bachelors do not deserve to be pitied. If they had any show of spunk and manliness about them at all, they might, long ago, have secured to themselves an angel from the scores of fair daughters of Eve, that God has sent on earth for man's benefit and happiness, and might now in clean, well-ordered households, be enjoying all the comforts and privileges that fall to the lot of the married man, instead of growling away a miserable existence in the vain attempt, through sheer envy, of trying to convince the rest of mankind that matrimony is a mistake and women humbugs.

EVA.

Writing to Headquarters.

In 1854 and 1855, Col. C. A. May, U. S. A., was in command of the frontier post Fort McKavitt, Texas, about two miles from which place there was a settler named Shellenberger, who was as verdant a specimen of the *genus homo* as could be found in the state. The said Shellenberger was very troublesome to the colonel, often begging him to send out scouting parties to hunt up horses, &c., stolen from him by the Indians. The colonel, after several attempts to recover his stolen property without success, finally refused to be humbugged any more by him.

One morning (after the Lipan Indians had stolen two fine horses from old Shellenberger) I was accosted by him, and after relating the facts of the theft of his horses, he said, in a very emphatic manner, "Tell Colonel May that if he don't send out a scout after my horses, I will write to General Washington, and he will make him do it."

NO WONDER.—One of our most fashionable hair-dressers tells the following good story:—An old Quaker lady was standing at her counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a hair-dress for the evening. She gave her order hurriedly, saying that she wanted a half-dozen "rolls" and a butterfly on top, a Grecian or "waterfall" at the back, with plenty of "puffs" and "curls," and ending with an injunction to send along any quantity of "rats," "mice" and "cataracts." "Poor child!" said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she departed, "what a pity she has lost her mind!"

☞ OUR PRESIDENTS.—The first two Presidents of the United States, Washington and Adams, were Federalists; Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, were Democrats; John Quincy Adams, Federalist, or opposition; Jackson and Van Buren, Democrats; Harrison, Whig; Polk, Democrat; Taylor, Whig; Pierce and Buchanan, Democrats; Lincoln, Republican. Democrats have had the Presidential office for twelve terms, and the Opposition for seven terms.

☞ In the Sheriff's Court, London, recently, a surgeon dentist brought an action against a patient to recover his fee for extracting a tooth. The defence was that the plaintiff administered chloroform, and pulled out the wrong tooth, a perfectly sound one, leaving the real offender still in its place. The defendant swore that this was the fact, and Mr. Kerr told the plaintiff that it was clear he could not recover, and the defendant must be allowed his costs.

☞ Six young negro men from the island of Hayti have entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio, with a view to prepare themselves for missionary work among their countrymen.

☞ A WONDERFUL TREE.—In the birch wood of Culloden, Scotland, there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. Somewhere about thirty years ago a little giant of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell right across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish in all their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a large fir.

☞ Dickens, in speaking of a friend, says he was so long in the legs that he looked like the shadow of somebody else.

☞ The man who "carries everything before him."—The waiter.

☞ Hair that ought to flow in natural waves.—The locks of a canal.

☞ To prevent a man from cutting his throat from ear to ear.—Cut off his ears.

☞ FELO DE SE.—Verdict on an old beau's black moustache.—Dyed by his own hand.

WHY is as much congealed water as will fill a cart like a mean trick to impose on one?—Because it's *a low device* (load of ice).

☞ SMALL DEBTS.—Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

☞ DISSIMULATION.—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame.

☞ GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY.—Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

☞ Man is the subject of sympathy and not the slave of self-love.

☞ It is good to repeat old thoughts in new books, for the old works in which they stand are not read.

IN PEACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Not the dead only,—not alone
The faces that the flowers o'ergrow.
With such sweet patience,—O, dear Christ!
Thy blessed peace may know.

Mine when these golden summer days
Faint into silence, are the calm,
Still shadows of the coming rest,
And twilight winds of balm.

Through the discordant songs of life
Drift interludes of heavenly peace,
And all the passion-throes of pain
And fever-pulses cease.

And on the hushed and wondering soul,
The stars of God's unfailing grace
Shine whiter than the stars of night
On Nature's dreaming face.

O! not alone His rest is found
Of the still sleepers; night and day,
All hearts that strive with patient love
Shall meet Him on their way!

RYMA.

ELLEN LINDENHURST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. N. ROBINSON.

It was a pleasant afternoon in May that Ellen Lindenhurst sat under the old apple-trees that, full of bud and blossom, swung their aromatic censers in the soft spring air. White clouds lay like arial argosies, mooced just off the distant hill-tops, where green billows of verdure swelled and tossed at the touch of a western breeze. The sunshine threaded with its golden fingers the mass of tangled leaf and flower, crowning the gnarled heads of the old orchard with bloom and loveliness, and stole over the brown hair, pushed away from the young thinker's pale, sorrowful face.

There was a murmur of waters down in the vale hid by gray willows, a sound of voices coming from the white house beyond the orchard, but Ellen Lindenhurst saw not the beauty of earth or sky—heard no voices but the echoes of those which death had forever hushed. The bright, glad day brought no joy to her, for her soul sat in shadow—lay becalmed in doubt.

Both parents were dead—her home had passed into strangers hands, and she only lingered amid scenes, inspiring the most profound regrets, in order that she might decide upon some definite course of action, a decision, which the more she revolved various schemes, the more difficult she found to make.

The afternoon waned—the sun went down, and a young moon hung over the hill-tops, smiling faintly upon the world. The evening star, soft and tender, parted with its silver fingers the invisible curtains of air, and sister stars came and stood in the heavens, ere Ellen arose and walked down the orchard aisles, to the stile set in the hedge bounding the domain of Granger Margrave, the nearest neighbor to Lindenhurst. As she paused here—she noticed an object moving swiftly across the meadow lying between her and Morgan Villa. As it approached, she saw it was a woman who, darting wildly at her, cried:

"For the love of heaven, Ellen Lindenhurst, come with me. My young mistress is dying, and her husband is away to the city."

Ellen hurried along by the servant's side. She entered a wide hall and passed through luxuriously furnished apartments to a lady's boudoir. On a rich couch lay a little fragile creature. Her face was ashen pale, and a dark stream flowed from the parted lips, dyeing the white, embroidered robe and saturating the long unbound hair falling over the slender shoulders.

"What remedies have you used?" asked Ellen quickly of a middle-aged woman who she judged was the housekeeper.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" sobbed the poor old thing. "We don't know the *just* thing to do. Mr. Margave has always been here when she had these awful spells. Oh, oh! she'll die now," and the half-demented housekeeper rung her hands piteously.

"Hush!" commanded Ellen. "Bring me salt and alum and water; perhaps I can restore her."

The servant, somewhat reassured by the presence of one whom they hoped could help their young mistress, flew to procure the required articles. Ellen bathed the pallid face, and succeeded in arousing Mrs. Margrave sufficiently to administer the simple remedies at hand. In a half an hour she had the happiness of seeing her efforts crowned with success. The blue eyes opened languidly, and a faint voice whispered—"Bless you." It was all the little lady could say; but the azure orbs regarded her appealingly as though they would entreat—"do not leave me."

Ellen thus interpreted their language, and she replied:

"I will remain 'till your husband comes."

She prepared a delicate broth and fed her patient, and then arranged the pillows and laid the golden head upon them. She was holding one of the blue-veined hands in her own, and musing on the strange incident which had so suddenly transferred her to Margrave Villa, when she caught the tones of a manly voice, and heard hurried footfalls approaching. She would have fled in dismay, but the waxen fingers clung to her own, and, in a moment, Granger Margrave was bending over his wife.

"Oh, my darling. Thank God you live!" he ejaculated, kneeling beside her.

The fingers of the young wife left Ellen's, and her arms were feebly clasped about her husband's neck, while she whispered,

"And, dearest, thank this good little girl, for through her He saved me."

"Miss Lindenhurst, is it not?" he asked, looking into Ellen's face.

She bowed.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you," he said, warmly grasping her hand.

"Do not try," she answered, deeply embarrassed. "I am glad to have been of service to any one."

She arose and walked to a window, looking out upon a grove of Druidical oaks, through whose branches she could hear the evening wind sighing.

Margrave crossed the apartment and asked—"Will you stay with my wife to-night?"

"Yes, if I can be of service."

The following morning as Ellen stood in the great arched door-way, from whose lintel swung the graceful columbine, she encountered Granger Margrave, who said:

"I have heard, Miss Lindenhurst, of your recent bereavement—pardon me," he added, as he saw tears filling her eyes, "for adverting to such a painful subject; but the fact of your isolation emboldens me to offer you a situation. My wife has already become attached to you. She needs not only an intelligent companion in her hours of convalescence, but a person of discernment and judgment in case of sudden illness like that of last night. You shall be liberally remunerated. May I consider my proffer accepted?"

He paused, and Ellen, quite overcome by contending emotions, burst into tears. Granger Margrave was a little annoyed. He had expressed himself, he thought, very delicately, and with all due regard for the sensitive feeling of the homeless orphan. He walked backward and forward, a habit he had when his mental equipoise was disturbed.

Ellen was shocked at her own rudeness in crying, when she was well aware, she should, as she much desired to do, gratefully receive his welcome proposition.

With a great effort she dried her tears, and began:

"I shall be very happy"—here a fresh fit of weeping interrupted her.

Margrave took his hat and turned away.

Ellen, terrified at the thought of exciting his anger, darted impulsively forward and caught the gentleman's retreating coatskirts, (the memory of which undignified proceeding crimsoned her cheeks for days afterwards) exclaiming—

"I'll stay, sir."

"Thank you; but what a ferocious little thing you are when waked up! Go up to Miriam's room." And Margrave settled his hat and walked rapidly away.

Ellen's duties were not onerous. She read to Mrs. Margrave; rode with her when she was able to go out; or gathered flowers, and arranged the invalid's room.

Miriam possessed a temperament of peculiar sweetness and buoyancy. Though physically so fragile—though often suffering from pain or lassitude, she seemed to rejoice in life—in the beauty of earth and sky—and as the body grew more feeble, her soul appeared to expand and exult more and more in the present existence. If she comprehended the extreme imminence of death, there was no visible tremor or apprehension. Her husband she greeted with pleasant smiles, always chatting cheerfully of the day's incidents, and inquiring after his business—suggesting, or listening to plans of the future.

Ellen saw little of Margrave. He was grave and reticent toward all save his wife. Her he idolized, and to her he gave his leisure unreservedly.

At such times Ellen stole away to the library. She loved to linger in the softened gloom of this apartment, isolated from the others by a long hall and staircase. There were statues in the niches; some imported at great expense, some the work of Granger Margrave in his earlier years. There were a pallet and an easel, and paintings against the walls; and shelves loaded with works of history and poetry—and quaint volumes of ancient mythology, and treatises filled with the mythical lore of men of the East. To the fervid imagination of Ellen a new and glorious realm was opened, and she sat for hours, like one entranced, in the room glorified by the presence of Art, and Science, and Poesy.

As the summer days waned, Miriam became more feeble, requiring Ellen's constant attendance.

It was a beautiful day in autumn. The harvesters were gathering in the shining grain—and the meadows were already turning brown, and the forests changing their emerald hues for gorgeous dyes.

There was the subtle aroma of dying grass and flowers, mingled with the odor of frost-bitten brakes, on the air, and the rustle of withered leaves as the wind ran through the tree-tops.

Ellen was reading to the invalid—a beautiful little poem entitled "Mortality."

* * * * * *

"But with equal patience sweet
We should put off this mortal year,
In whatso'er new form is meet
Content to reappear.

"Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
Ye mosses green and lichens fair,
Go to your graves, as I will go,
For God is also there."

Miriam lay back upon her pillows with flushed cheeks, and closed eyes. The wind drifted in pale brown leaves which fluttered a moment, and then settled around her head.

Ellen, inexpressibly saddened by the words she had read, and the picture before her of the fair loving face, set in a halo of golden hair, in which the withered leaves settled uneasily—the face—which she felt would soon settle to rigid immobility beneath the coffin-lid—wept in silence, as she said to herself—

"Alas! she will go to her grave with the mosses and lichens of the dying year."

The lustrous orbs unclosed, and Miriam whispered the refrain of the closing lines—

"Go to your graves as I will go,
For God is also there."

One lorn November evening Ellen left Miriam with a servant a few moments, and descended to the parlor.

There was no light but the lurid glow of the live coals in the grate. A fierce wind roared without, and heavy drops plashed against the windows. Oppressed with apprehension, she stood before the fire. The physician that day had told Granger Margrave in her presence, that his wife could survive but a few days at best; but Miriam, happy and cheerful as of old, seemed unaware of the approach of the destroyer. No one had said to her "you are dying," and she never alluded to it.

Wrapt in her own gloomy thoughts, Ellen did not perceive that Margrave had entered the room—not until he stood opposite her, looking haggard and distressed. She essayed to leave the room, but she gesticulated,

"Stay!"

So she sank into a chair and watched him furtively, as he began to pace up and down, now coming into the red light, now going into the shadows, lurking at the farther extremity of the apartment. At last he paused in his rapid walk and said—

"Miss Lindenburst, you think me brave and strong. I have often said in my proud heart that I was so; but I have grown weak in the great affliction come upon me. Miriam, my poor Miriam, so unconscious of the doom impending! Some one must tell her, that the life she loves and so enjoys, despite its hours of bodily anguish, is surely passing away. Will you tell her she is dying now?" He resumed his agitated walk—unable to articulate more, while Ellen sobbed audibly.

Finally she arose and went softly away. She stood a moment in the hall listening to the sob of the rain and the soughing of the wind, trying to nerve herself to speak to Miriam.

As she entered the sick chamber, Mrs. Margrave said:

"I am glad you have come. Send Milly away."

Ellen did as desired, and then sat down by the bed-side, determined at once to open the unpleasant subject; but one look into the smiling eyes, one clasp of the attenuated fingers, and she hid her face in the counterpane, and wept aloud.

"Don't grieve so," said Miriam. "I know what you would say to me, and I will spare you farther suffering. I have known, all through the pleasant summer time, that I was slowly dying. I shall go with the last leaf and the last flower. I could not darken my husband's life with useless repinings. I wish him to remember me as always cheerful, as resigned to my Father's will. I would love to live for his sake, and because I love life; but God wills it otherwise, and so I have striven to look away to the beautiful land where no shadows come between us and our loved ones. Please tell my husband to come to me."

Miriam, much fatigued, closed her eyes, while Ellen, sobbing bitterly, descended to the parlor. Margrave was yet pacing up and down, his brow knit gloomily. He brushed away a heavy tear as Ellen appeared in the doorway, and gazed inquiringly into her face.

"Go to your wife," she answered to his silent questioning. "She is conscious that she must die."

Ellen sat down by the window and looked out. A long line of light from the hall lamp smote the darkness, and it rolled away right and left, leaving a silver pathway along the humid grass. She could just discern the tree-tops oscillating like giant pendulums through the opaque air. The rain still plashed against the windows; the wind still beat the laboring trees; the lamp in the hall threw through the open door in the parlor a dim radiance, bringing into relief the centre of the apartment, but the shadows lay heaped in the angles, looking like sullen phantoms hiding from observation, and the coals yet glowed luridly in the black jaws of the grate. The clock chimed ten, eleven—then a step sounded in the hall, and Dr. Rossiter, who went away at nightfall, emerged from his saturated wrappings and walked up to the fire, extending his chilled hands for the warmth. He did not see Ellen, and in a few moments she heard him going up the stairs. Pretty soon Milly came in sobbing:

"My mistress wants you, Miss Ellen."

Ellen, feeling that her last friend was going from her, yet striving for outward calmness, went and kneeled at the foot of the couch where Miriam lay.

The dying woman motioned her to come nearer, and took her hand and feebly pressed it.

"Bless you, my dear girl, for your kindness. My husband will not forget one who has so kindly tended his Miriam."

She dropped Ellen's hand, and said to her husband:

"Lay my head on your breast. It won't lie there long."

Margrave, quivering with an anguish which he bravely strove to repress, drew the loved head to his bosom. With shaking hands he put back the golden hair from the damp forehead.

The yet smiling azure orbs gazed into his own. A little shiver ran through the emaciated frame, the veined eyelids closed over the eyes, the white hands lay nerveless in his clasp, and the soul had gone out, and in his arms lay only the semblance of his wife—his love.

"Don't darken the room, and reverse mirror or picture, nor banish her flowers. Let everything be cheerful as her own blessed nature," he said, as he softly laid the dear head on the pillow. "I leave the arrangement to you, Ellen."

A day of glorious beauty succeeded the tempestuous night—the night of double gloom to Margrave Villa. As the sun went down in the west, laying long golden bars across the heads of the violets, looking, in their bed of green leaves, as lovely as their prototypes of the meadow—woven in the carpet of the death-chamber. Ellen sought Margrave, who had all day sat in the dusky gloom of the library, wrestling with his sorrow, as all wrestle who have lost friends—who sit in the cold spray of the river washing the shores of the mortal and immortal. Ah! in our grief we only perceive at first that our life is bereft of its glory—our hopes dead with the dead; but, by-and-by, we discern that a new splendor is added to the Home over yonder, and our hopes, purer and more beautiful, live with the souls which death could not blind to the tomb.

Ellen touched Margrave's arm, for he sat with head sunk low on his breast. He looked up, and she recoiled at the sight of the dry, burning eyes and haggard countenance. She said softly:

"It would do you good, sir, to go up and look at Miriam?"

He arose without a word, and mechanically followed her.

There were bouquets on the table and dressing-bureau. A gentle breeze fluttered the muslin curtains, and broke the golden bars into yellow fragments, dappling all the room. Miriam lay among the pillows, clad in blue satin, with a fleecy fall of lace about the throat and hands. White roses were twined in the silken hair, lay on the still breast, and in the loose clasp of the taper fingers. As Granger Margrave gazed upon the serene face on which the old love-light seemed yet beaming, tears swam in his eyes, and dropped upon that dear face upturned to his own. Ellen stole away, leaving him alone with his grief beside the casket, so beautiful still, though robbed of its treasure.

The funeral obsequies were conducted without ostentatious display, and the young wife was laid beside her kindred in the city cemetery.

Granger Margrave arranged his business, and made preparations for a long absence. The snow lay in one broad, unbroken sheet over the meadows, and rolled up in white billows along the road, whose silver track could be traced to the distant forest where a group of sombre cypress came down and hid it from view, when he took his departure.

"Ellen, you are to consider *my* home *your* home henceforth," he said, as he stood by her side, awaiting the sleigh that was to carry himself and trunks to the depot four miles distant.

"Dr. Rossiter will ride over frequently to assist you in your studies. If you wish masters in music, or painting, or the languages, he will procure them. You will take care of the flowers poor Miriam loved, and keep her room as it is."

"I can never repay you, sir."

"I am sufficiently rewarded in knowing that I leave a controlling mind in my household. You will hear from me through Dr. Rossiter. Now, good bye." And he extended his hand.

Ellen placed her own in his, but she could not articulate a word. As she sank upon the sofa, sobbing for very loneliness, she heard the horses dash away down the pathway winding among the oaks, then Dr. Rossiter came in.

"I will come over to-morrow," he said. "Good morning, Miss Ellen."

Ellen tried to echo the pleasant adieu of the worthy friend of her benefactor, but the words only clung in her throat, and in a moment she was alone.

Five years were gathered to the phantoms of the past peopling the mythical realm we call Oblivion. Those years added knowledge and understanding to Ellen Lindenhurst. She gathered, with untiring industry, golden sheaves from the broad fields of Literature and Art. She trod the paths hallowed by the feet of sages and philosophers. She sat among the stars, in the ideal sphere consecrated to the purest and holiest aspirations and conceptions of the human soul.

The great world might surge and beat without, but its buffeting was unfelt by Ellen in her royal kingdom, peopled by the wise whom books made live again.

Dr. Rossiter had discharged her masters and "himself," he said. She alone could perfect the work which he foresaw they had but begun. Her intuitions, awakened by study, would guide her.

She heard from Granger Margrave at Rome, at Venice, and Paris, and St. Petersburg, and Baden.

One day there came a heavy box to Dr. Rossiter for Margrave Villa. The doctor came over, and it was opened under his direction. It contained a beautiful block of Parian marble, which was placed in the library, (which might more properly be denominated a studio.) Thereafter Dr. Rossiter was called South on imperative business, and Ellen became more completely isolated than hitherto.

The handsome Parian marble became her tempter. She had modelled in plaster after Vinini and Ceantre with eminent success; and it had been a cherished wish to model a bust of Miriam Margrave in marble. The materials were at hand, but would not Granger Margrave be very angry with her if she used them? At last she determined to brave his ire; so she gathered up the implements which he laid down years agone, and as the months went by the features of Mrs. Margrave grew out of the chiselled stone with life-like accuracy.

One fervid July day Ellen put the finishing touches to the rippling hair, and then she mused—"Defoe gathered his household to criticise his labors, and I will summon Milly. Her untutored eye will perceive faults if any exist;" but Milly was unsophisticated, and believed in preternatural things, and when she beheld the bust she flung up her arms and rushed from the room screaming "the ghost of my mistress!" and Ellen was compelled to exhaust her category of arguments and persuasions before she could induce Milly to return and convince herself that her fears were illusory.

The sun, shooting fiery darts into the hearts of the drooping flowers, and tongues of red flame through the foliage of the oaks, stood glaring at the world on the horizon rim a moment, then plunged over the hills out of sight. In the southwest lay dark clouds flecked with white, and capped with crimson, along whose sides flashed at intervals a blaze of lightning, and the wind began to stir in the trees presaging a storm.

Ellen sat in the embrasure of the studio window. She had draped the face of the dead Miriam; for, as the shadows gathered around the head, she fancied it was the dying, not the living Miriam she had evoked; and she was thinking of Granger Margrave. His last letter to Dr. Rossiter was mailed at London, and the doctor had forwarded it to her requesting her to reply.

She had done so in very brief and concise terms, but had received no answer. Suddenly, by that rare prescience which sometimes comes to the soul, she became aware of his presence in the house. She heard a firm step ascending the stair, it sounded in the passage, and in another moment paused in the room.

"Are you glad to see an old friend?" asked a familiar voice, as Margrave advanced towards her.

She was too much agitated to rise; but, just in her old way, fell to sobbing.

"A queer greeting upon my word!" declared the gentleman.

"Please excuse my folly," pleaded Ellen, extending her hand. "I am *very* glad to see you."

Ellen trembled with inward apprehension as Margrave ran his eye around the apartment. She arose and said: "Shall we not go down to the parlor?"

"By no means. I bade Milly serve tea here, and bring up lights, and here she comes," he added, as the stout housekeeper entered with lamps.

Ellen tried to compose herself, but it was easier to think of braving the displeasure of Granger Margrave when absent, than when he sat before her. Her former awe of him returned. She shivered and grew pale as he said:

"Did my block of marble come safely?"

Ellen gave a very tremulous affirmative.

"I believe I told the doctor to put it here. I don't see it however." He gazed at Ellen inquiringly, who seemed suddenly to have become a petrefaction. Margrave's eye caught the white gleam through the folds swathing the bust. Advancing, he uncoiled the green gauze and started back as he encountered the pallid semblance of his Miriam. For some moments he remained rigid and motionless in contemplation. A lurid light shot out of the clouds, unrolling their inky banners across the heavens, and played around the graceful head, and sweet, serene face. A distant thunder-peal vibrated on the air. It was the only sound suiting the stillness which seemed awfully portentous to Ellen.

Granger Margrave turned his regards to the little figure in the great arm-chair, with the ashen face and frightened eyes.

"Did you do this?" he said, pointing towards the sculptured head. She imagined that the voice of the interlocutor was very stern.

"Oh, sir, forgive me! I could not resist the impulse urging me to begin the work; and," she continued, suddenly springing to her feet, as though lifted up again to the heights whither she had been raised by the inspiration of Art during the months when beneath her fingers a cherished memory took to itself tangibility, "I am not sorry that I went on in the labor, which has blessed and brightened existence."

She ceased speaking, and stood before him, flushed and excited.

"*I* am glad you obeyed that urgent irresistible impulse of your inner self. I duly appreciate the delicacy which prompted you to consecrate the first creation of your genius to the departed one whom we both loved. You have talents of a high order. You shall go to Rome; you shall yet become famous."

"No, no. I should be miserable if I were famous. I would much prefer seeing my statues (if I chance to make any) on pedestals, to standing on one myself. I love Art for itself, and because my soul is conscious of a purer growth when it strives to embody its own ideals. I wish only higher culture, and time to think and work."

When the royal September came with its coronet of ripened grain, and burden of luscious fruits,—when, through the soft air, came the incense of gorgeous autumnal flowers born of the late summer heat; when, beating hither and thither on the ebbing winds, swam the airy barques of thistle-down, whose shimmering sails shone far aloft; when autumn made good the promise of spring, Granger Margrave asked Ellen Lindenhurst to become his wife. It was the old story of a second love; but with him the first was cherished as sacredly as the memory of her who inspired it. It was the tender, holy remembrance that lay enshrined in his heart. It could never die—no more than his Miriam could come to him in mortal vestment again.

To Ellen he gave the strong, beautiful affection that glorifies a perfect and mature manhood. He admired her genius—he was proud of it; but he did not *love* it. He loved the warm, gentle, affectionate woman.

They were married and went abroad. After two years they returned to the quiet villa. Dr. Rossiter came home soon after; and, as he declared that he would never forsake his bachelor life, he attached himself, at Margrave's earnest solicitation, to the household of the latter.

Mr. and Mrs. Margrave are not wholly unknown to the world. The creations of their mutual genius have been criticised and applauded by connoisseurs, and admired by people of taste who visit the Art galleries where they have been on exhibition; but the syren voice of Fame cannot lure them away from the home consecrated to the Pure, and True, and Beautiful;—the home where Art, and Love, and Religion, are handmaidens. The stream of life widens and deepens. By-and-by the river will broaden into the ocean of eternity. The song began here will swell to the glorious rhythm of an oratorio there. The soul's gathering here such a wealth of precious fruitage, will bear their treasure to the thither shore, whither fame nor riches can go.

Died of Too Much Ruffling.

This is the epitaph which might truthfully be written on many a good woman's tombstone. Mrs. Stowe, in her last Chimney Corner paper in the Atlantic, treats of this evil in connection with the domestic fault of exactingness—that impatient quality which stimulates a certain class of persons to be ever striving to reach a high standard of excellence which they can never attain, and which results in an over doing of domestic work destructive to all happiness in the family. Her remarks on the subject are so pertinent, and so well worthy of the serious consideration of the mothers of our land that we cannot refrain from reprinting them here:

"What if the whole care of expensive table luxuries, like cake and preserves, be thrown out of a housekeeper's budget, in order that the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared? What if ruffling, embroidery, and the entire department of kindred fine arts be thrown out of her calculations, in providing for the clothing of a family? Many a feeble woman has died of too much ruffling, as she patiently sat up night after night sewing the thread of a precious, invaluable life into elaborate articles which her children were none the healthier or more virtuous for wearing.

"Ideality is constantly ramifying and extending the department of the toilette and the needle into a world of work and worry, wherein distracted women wander up and down, seeing no end anywhere. The sewing-machine was announced as a relief to these toils; but has it proved so? We trow not. It only amounts to this,—that now there can be seventy-two tucks on each little petticoat, instead of fifteen, as before, and that twice as many garments are made and held to be necessary as formerly. The women still sew to the limit of human endurance; and still the old proverb holds good, that woman's work is never done.

"In the matter of dress, much wear and tear of spirit and nerves may be saved by not beginning to go in certain directions, well knowing that they will take us beyond our resource of time, strength, and money.

"There is one word of fear in the vocabulary of the women of our time which must be pondered advisedly,—RAMMISH. In old times a good garment was enough; nowadays a garment is nothing without trimming. Everything, from the first article that the baby wears up to the elaborate dress of the bride, must be trimmed at a rate that makes the trimming more than the original article. A dress can be made in a day, but it cannot be trimmed under two or three days. Let a faithful, conscientious woman make up her mind how much of all this burden of life she will assume, remembering wisely that there is no end to ideality in anything, and that the only way to deal with many perplexing parts of life is to leave them out altogether."

A FELLOW stopping at the New Haven House, New Haven, recently, made the acquaintance of a gentleman in an adjoining room, who very inconsiderately told him how easy a thief could get into his room and steal his watch and money. Williams was so impressed with the correctness of the observation, that he got up in the night and tried it in the way indicated, and secured $150 in money, and two valuable watches.

☞ "HEAR! HEAR!"—A new form of applause is becoming common in the London theatres. The audience, when pleased with any expression or sentiment uttered by the actors, often clap their hands and shout, "Hear, hear!"

AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

How peacefully the sun's broad ray
Slants from the casement to the floor,
Flooding the room with light to-day,
That yesterday the shades hung o'er.

And sitting here with folded hands,
I watch within the fairy beam,
The delicate and floating sands
That through its radiance curl and gleam.

The tiny things are dim and dark,
Untouched by the transforming ray,
But in their borrowed brilliance, mark!
And lo! how beautiful are they!

So through the chambers of my heart
The broad light of thy love is poured,
Dispelling as with wizard art,
The gloom around so late that lowered.

My soul sits down in sweet content,
With this warm rapture round her thrown,
And sees no life with thine unblent,
No future separate from thine own.

But still within this new delight,
Dim, mote-like memories upward curl,
And mote-like still are only bright,
As through that beam of bliss they whirl.

Ah! who would guess a light like this,
One golden flood of love sublime
Could show life's olden agonies
So beautiful in after time!

A BLASTED LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I do not think a haughtier woman than Mrs. Grey Alden ever existed. Had her ancestors been kings instead of republicans, she could not have borne herself otherwise. Not that I blame her for that bearing, had it arisen from her being an American woman; for what is so glorious as to be the daughter of the free? and who should be prouder than the children of those whose haughty heads have bowed neither to king nor emperor? But, Mrs. Alden's pride was *purse-pride*. Grey Alden's immense wealth had given her that position which suited her natural *hauteur*, for it *was* natural, not an acquired manner, and her talent for society had full sway. There are women who seem born for the world, in whom the *heart* never appears to speak. Mrs. Grey Alden had all the glitter of a diamond, and was quite as hard. From the earliest months of her married life she surrounded herself with an icy atmosphere of high fashion and strict etiquette, from which *she* at all events never departed—her manner becoming, if possible, more distant and reserved, than when she reigned as the coldest of belles and bore the maiden name of Regina Thayer. Frequently I have pitied those unfortunates undergoing the ceremony of introduction to Mrs. Grey Alden, and, meeting the scrutinizing gaze of her unshrinking and analytical eye, I could not describe that gaze; but, if I say that it seemed to read in one glance, the whole family history of the party under scrutiny, I may give some faint idea of its penetrating power. I have heard persons say that they felt congealed under this clear, cold eye, and such as too apparently bore a plebeian stamp, absolutely seemed to wilt beneath it; while those who too evidently from their manner, rather than their appearance, had the insurmountable misfortune of an unmentionable grandfather, were really objects of commiseration. Mrs. Grey Alden's eye dispatched them in an instant, and the discreetest of those coldly received, never ventured within its immediate range again.

Nor were the unfashionables the only ones in whom the effect of Mrs. Grey Alden's eye was instantly apparent. I have seen women accustomed for years to the best foreign circles, men who had spent years in the best French *salons*, and in English and Italian courts, lose much of the desirable quality called *aplomb* when subjected to this ordeal. The angel Gabriel himself would have had but a poor chance of being re-invited, had that seraph presented himself before her with any evidence of not being quite *au courant de la tenue du beau monde*.

What perhaps aided this powerful effect upon the nerves of society in general, was Mrs. Grey Alden's outward woman. I doubt whether a plain person, whatever her manner might have been, could have succeeded in being altogether so stupendous and overwhelming. She was tall, unusually tall, but so full in figure, without being in the least degree corpulent, that her height did not impress you so much when you observed her alone, as when contrasted with others. Her dark hair was always well arranged, and usually wreathed about her head like a dusky crown. She never bedecked her head with artificial flowers or streamers of ribbon, and consequently avoided the trifling drawback of resembling a figure in a milliner's show-case, or a vessel bedizened with flags. A diamond comb, or a few richly-set jewels arranged above her brow, were the only ornaments she ever placed among her raven tresses. She draped herself with velvet or rich silk. Her arms were superb, her throat royal, her motions queenly.

But Mrs. Grey Alden is not my heroine; indeed I cannot imagine her being anybody's heroine. How Grey Alden ever had the courage to propose to her, is what excited general comment; but as Miss Thayer's necessarily distant admirers very justly remarked: "Grey was rich enough for anything." He certainly could not have flattered himself that the lofty Regina in deigning to accept the honors of his fortune, had done so for the love she bore him. He always looked to me, in fact, like a man whose heart was undergoing compression, which I presume must have the same effect, mentally, as a tight corset upon the female frame.

One infant was born of this worldly marriage; a part of the father's soul came into outer being in the form of a beautiful child, a girl-child. They called her Sybil. Alas! could the fair Sybil have predicted her own fate, I should not now be writing so sad a story. Perhaps when you have read it, you will shudder to hear that it is true, too true. Sybil Alden was very lovely. Here was the beauty, the grace, and gentleness which twines itself so clingingly about the heart, which appeals so entirely to the affections; a *bella rosa porporina*, bright with the dew of innocent youth. You would have though that Satan himself would have shrunk from hurting her—but he came where she was, and came in a beautiful human shape. She—well! I will not let my indignant heart hurry me too fast in my story; I will tell it calmly. I was her friend, a girl beside her; and—I loved her. I never loved another woman so tenderly; I will never suffer myself to love one so much again.

Sybil was brown-haired, fair, with blue eyes, large and tender. You could tell by her eyes that she would love even unto death. Her lips were warm and red, her mouth impassioned, yet chaste—her features were regular—and her form, though tall, promised a beauteous womanhood. Hers was that grace of motion which is entirely removed from artificial grace; nevertheless you could not say that Miss Alden was wanting in what it is agreed to call *manner*. You could not think that intercourse with the world would add any new charms, for what your heart acknowledged, was the truth and sincerity of her power. Art might alter, but it could not improve. Her female friends were wont to describe her as the "sweetest girl in the world;" her male admirers acknowledged that she was at once good, winning, and beautiful. The absolute adoration of her father and her mother's pride in her beauty, failed to destroy the natural modesty of her appreciation of herself, her real opinion of her own merits was humble. Nature had bestowed upon her a mind of originality and power. Her voice was a wonderful gift in itself. Study gave her the command of languages—feeling gave her poetry as well as thought.

When about seventeen, Sybil first appeared in the fashionable world. It was no trifle to encounter "society" for the first time, for Mrs. Alden had secluded her daughter, counting upon the greater sensation to be produced by the sudden shining forth of such a star.

I cannot imagine how so flighty a person as Mrs. Frank Fernell ever obtained the *entree* at Mrs. Grey Alden's house. I do not mean to assert that there was anything hoydenish about Mrs. Fernell, but there was certainly an ill-suppressed tendency to undue rapidity. I am surprised that she did not break her neck, socially speaking, some years before that little accident ultimately occurred. The utter impossibility of the results of the catastrophe being remedied was probably owing, such is the leniency of the world of fashion, to the absurdly complete manner in which the thing was done. There really was no "getting over it." Her "set" was objectionable, the "men" were often "not the thing;" and she had women about her too at times, whose manner had that intangible something which offends modesty and good taste. Not "fast" precisely, they verged upon "fastness." I deeply regretted from the first moment that Mrs. Fernell should have become an intimate with the Alden family. I instinctively felt from the first that she envied Mrs. Alden, whom she most unblushingly "toadied" in a manner which I should have supposed would have been utterly repugnant to a woman of sense, and Mrs. Alden was not wanting in that qualification. In spite of Mrs. Fernell's seemingly exuberant affection for Sybil, I never saw her approach the young girl without desiring to draw the latter away.

Sybil's *entree* into society was of course a success. I can recall her now in her floating white tulle, her rich hair falling upon her snowy shoulders. There was nothing to mar the soft perfection of her beauty—no cold, hard jewels; a few pond-lilies with their stems entwined, shone above her angel-brow. Undine was not lovelier.

Mrs. Fernell fluttered about. She usually fluttered—it was her style. When not near Mrs. Alden, she hovered around Sybil, and seemed determined to impress herself upon the minds of *les indiens*, as the favorite family friend.

I was an orphan-ward at eighteen; and at Sybil's first ball, stood with my guardian, Mr. Danvers, in the capacity of a quiet "looker-on in Vienna." My first ball had been undergone the year before.

"What can Mrs. Alden be thinking of," remarked my guardian to me, "to allow that Mrs. Fernell to hang about her daughter in that way? It is more than I can understand."

"I wonder why we neither of us like her," replied I.

"I cannot account for my dislike, any better than you can," answered Mr. Danvers; "but I always feel when I catch Mrs. Fernell's wicked little black eyes looking me through, as if I had trodden upon a snake. I am in her black books too, for I would not suffer my daughter Jessie to receive her. She is mild and sleek as a cat—but offend that woman, and you will find that she has the claws of a fell tigress."

I have mentioned Sybil's *debut*, less with reference to herself than to refer to two occurrences of that evening, which served to show Mrs. Fernell to me in her true character.

There was present at the ball, what it is agreed to call a "great beauty," which is not so often a woman whose beauty is great, as a woman whose beauty is fashionable. This lady was a young bride, really very pretty, but possessed of an order of beauty which speaks more to the senses than to the heart, less to the intellect, the mind, the soul, than to the passions. Some persons present compared Sybil with Mrs. May. Jessie Danvers, my guardian's daughter, as lovely and generous a girl as ever breathed, remarked that she thought one as pretty as the other. Mrs. Fernell who stood by, immediately exclaimed:

"What an idea to compare our classic Sybil to that blowsey beauty!"

"I never could see the necessity for comparing two beauties," answered Jessie, quietly, "the fact that one woman is beautiful, need not make another woman less so. Many who admire Mrs. May, would not see Sybil's beauty at all."

"Envious creature!" said Mrs. Fernell, aside to a young naval lieutenant, whose intellects she was at that time seriously engaged in bewildering.

I knew that the real meaning of Jessie's words was expressive of anything rather than of envy.

Just at this moment I followed the direction of Mr. Danvers's laughing eye. He touched my elbow. "I have been looking," said he, "at a woman who has no friends."

"No friends!" exclaimed I, "pray where is that object of pity?"

I espied by the direction of Mr. Danvers's reverting glance, one of those appalling sights to which one is exposed in all reunions, for wealth is not always taste. This fantastic personage was a middle-aged maiden lady, atrociously ugly, and frightfully apparelled.

"Do you imagine that if that woman had any friends they would ever have allowed her to inflict herself upon society in that guise? Why are such people let loose upon the world at large? Why did not somebody suppress that head-dress?"

I will not attempt to describe that head-dress. I am satisfied that the mere description should create a fit of the horrors in any nervous mind. Suffice it to say that it represented a fortune in jewels, and betrayed latent insanity in the mind of the inventor. It was not only ugly, but monstrous, not only bad style, but an insult to common sense. In the course of the evening I heard Mrs. Fernell compliment the wearer on the most "becoming thing she ever saw." "You imported it, of course, dear Miss Millionmad," said she. The moral effect of such a speech in the face of facts, is something similar to the physical shock produced by having a glass of cold water suddenly thrown in one's face.

During the summer which followed Sybil's debut, Mrs. Alden travelled with her daughter to Saratoga. Mr. Alden, who had intended joining his wife and daughter, became ill at home. In spite of entreaties from Sybil, which I have often thought of since, and asked myself whether any presentiment of her fate could have existed in the young girl's mind, Mrs. Alden persisted in telling her daughter that she was in no need of her services at home, that there was no necessity for her "losing the season," and that she should remain with Mrs. Fernell. What a *chaperone!*

Sybil, without particularly liking Mrs. Fernell, did not particularly dislike her, but she came into my room at the hotel that evening, and seating herself upon the sofa, she said:

"Do you know, Florence, I do wish mamma had taken me home with her. I feel as if something sad was going to happen."

Something sad, sad in truth, happened indeed that night. A life was blasted.

I dressed and descended with Jessie and her father, who came to knock at my door when I had finished my toilet. We all entered the parlor of the fashionable hotel where we were stopping. As we entered, we observed Mrs. Fernell talking with a foreigner, apparently about thirty years of age, and one of the handsomest human objects I ever beheld.

Hermann Von Leiftenburg had not a particularly German cast of feature. Power was as conspicuous as beauty in that marble brow, intellect as marked as suavity of form in that finely cut but voluptuous mouth. That intellect seldom availed Von Leiftenburg except for evil purposes. His soul was as dark as the gloom within his eyes—eyes large, clear, subtle and dangerous. Regular teeth of dazzling whiteness gleamed at times through a silken moustache, when revealed by a rare but charming smile. A profile of outline as correct as that of Alcibiades, and a form tall, powerful and absolutely symmetrical, with the most "aristocratic finishings," as to hands and feet, made up an exterior of perfect manly beauty. It was interesting to watch Von Leiftenburg when engaged in the work of fascination. When a life is passed in the acquirement of an art, however ignoble, it is not surprising that perfection should be attained. Von Leiftenburg had mixed a little diplomacy with this avocation, and had left Washington but a short time before with a young English nobleman, slightly tinged with diplomacy also, who had been his travelling companion in Europe.

I remember how Sybil's large eyes dilated when she perceived Von Leiftenburg on her entrance into the parlor. I remember a sort of terror in her gaze, and that when she seated herself upon the sofa where I had placed myself she was unusually pale.

When Mrs. Fernell brought Von Leiftenburg to Sybil and introduced him to her she neither raised here yes nor spoke. A slight bow was her only recognition of Hermann's presence beside her.

Mrs. Fernell asked Sybil to sing. I knew that it was embarrassment and the desire to escape Von Leiftenburg's ardent eyes that made her consent to do so. The music he placed before her was a strangely beautiful air, the words Goethe's "Tears of Love."

Perhaps Hermann Von Leiftenburg might have spared Sybil Alden the horror of his love had she not sung, but that voice, ever so potent, reached the dark inner chambers of that hidden soul, and her beauty had struck the artist nerve in that incomprehensible nature.

I began to be wretched at the sight. My unoccupied heart left me free to watch over Sybil. But what could I do to save her? I could only suffer. Patience is highly recommended by the Greek's chorus of Eumenides to Prometheus, but there are positions more agreeable than being chained to a rock.

"Such a voice as yours, Fraulein Alden, would almost make one imagine that there is such a thing as soul. It seems to assure me of something immortal, more potent even than death, something beyond the grave," said Hermann, and his eyes said to her "I love you! I adore you!"

Sybil raised her eyes, and Hermann's looking back, said, "Love is Fate," and in his soul he vowed that the pure soul looking up at him should be swayed to his love.

What did he care if he broke one heart the more. Passion is the most pitiless of all evil things, it shatters the life it may not make its own. It is hate rather than love. Sybil had awakened the sleeping danger, it coiled in her path and nestled under her footsteps; but do not fear for my darling, the angels will keep her pure.

"Shall we sing 'La ci darem,'" said Hermann, placing the music of Don Giovanni upon the piano. In a moment more, his rich voice blending with that of Sybil, rose in that brilliant duett. How truly he played his part in selecting this air, and how false to Sybil's character were the coquettish words of Zerlina? I presume that I was ignorant of the world's evil as my friend herself, but from the first I felt that Hermann Von Leiftenburg was a human snake, a superb horror which would glide silently on to its ghastly purpose and leave death in its track.

"Love is Fate," I said to myself as I watched my darling, "if Sybil were borne thousands of miles away now, it is too late."

"An heiress, ah! indeed!" said Hermann to Lord Edgar Stanton, the travelling companion I have alluded to, with whom he sat smoking in his room at the hotel that night. "Ah! the Sybil is an heiress."

"Immensely wealthy, and an only child," added Lord Stanton.

"Have you any intention of courting her yourself, *mein freund?*" inquired Hermann, "you have entertained me for an hour past with the panegyric of her beauty; pray, are you smitten?"

"I am engrossed with the West Indian widow, or else I should do so."

"Allow me to advise you to continue so engross yourself in that way," remarked Hermann with a diabolic glance; "I have not forgotten your interference with the little *danseuse* Pastimini, when I did to her most 'seriously incline.' I think it will not be quite safe for you to approach Miss Alden."

"Pray, are you still corresponding with Madame de Gerny?" inquired Lord Edgar, without noticing his companions remarks.

Hermann bit his lip.

"Ah! I understand. 'Femme qu' hésite'—you know the rest of the phrase," and Lord Stanton stretched out his unexceptionably shod foot and eyed with an expression which seemed to say that no woman could hesitate in her opinion to a man who expressed himself in that manner as regards boots.

"Immensely wealthy," muttered Hermann, "I must shake off Athenais de Gerny. Fortunately, she has too many lovers to be tiresome."

The thing now was to secure the heiress, and Hermann's mind revolved sundry plans. His family was good, his education more than excellent, his manners unexceptionable. Satisfaction complete and thorough as regarded his social antecedents could be given, but what would instantly place him in the light of an adventurer was his own poverty in comparison with the heiress. Americans look down upon mercenary marriages—they are rare even in wealthy families, they are the exception, and not the rule, and the opportunity for blaming them is never more thoroughly enjoyed than when some foreigner seeks a rich man's daughter. The best gentlemen in Europe, if poor, seeking an American heiress, must "run the gauntlet" of slander without mercy, and really escapes very well if he does not have as many wives attributed him as Blue Beard himself possessed, besides being accused of numerous other little foibles. Opposition, therefore, was almost certain from Mr. Alden, the aim must be so entangle the affections of Sybil that her father would not refuse to allow his daughter to wed the object of what Hermann resolved should be a *grande passion*.

He had never loved before, he told her ere many days had gone by, all devoted to his assiduous courtship. She had awakened the one deep, intense love which only such beauty, such purity as hers could create. His soul, his life, he told her were all her own. Then he skillfully appealed to her heart on another side, placing himself before her as poor, lonely, disappointed in life, weary, sick at heart. He spoke of the immense distance which separated the poor foreigner from the wealthy maiden, and all this with well-acted pride that "aped humility." Life to him was but bitterness till he should win her love, and in all this, when he found her less impulsive, more guided by the thought of duty than he had hoped, unwilling to brave her father or grieve her mother, he darkly suggested the result of such despair as would be his did she reject him.

When was the threat of the death of the beloved one, ever impotent to create the deepest pain in the heart that truly loves? Sybil, poor innocent child, utterly unworldly and ignorant of the world, mistook this selfish passion for love. That spontaneous, unfeigned feeling which lives from the hour of the eyes first meeting, and which is the only genuine sentiment had being within her soul. *Love is fate.*

Mr. and Mrs. Alden arrived at this time. The mother instantly ordered Sybil to cease any conversation with Von Leiftenburg, not but that she recognized the traces of good blood, and the unmistakable evidences of education and breeding, but his poverty was sufficient to condemn such a match at once, and she told her daughter on the day of her arrival that she "would rather see her dead than the wife of a poor man; especially a poor foreigner."

Matters stood thus when Von Leiftenburg, taking his courage in both hands, made his proposals for Sybil. He was rejected politely but firmly.

"You are paying my daughter the highest compliment in the power of a gentleman to bestow, but I must reject the honor," replied the American papa.

"You make me feel deeply that I am too poor to marry, too poor to love," said Hermann to the father, for he had entered into the spirit of his role, and at times allowed his talents for acting to have full scope.

"The question of wealth," answered Mr. Alden very sincerely, "has nothing to do with my refusal. My rejection of your offer," continued he, "is founded upon the dislike I have of marriage between American girls and foreigners. I prefer that my daughter should marry one of her own countrymen. Habits, manners, and feelings, as well as principles and ideas, differ too greatly between Americans and Germans for you to be happy, and although I would not thwart a serious love—"

"Your daughter assured me of her affection or I should not have so far presumed," interrupted Hermann.

"A Saratoga acquaintance of a month's duration cannot have given you any hold upon such a mind as that of my daughter."

"Do you love him, Sybil, dearest?" asked the fond father that evening of his fair child.

Sybil only raised her heavy eyes, but they revealed a terrible truth. *Love is fate.*

That evening Sybil came to my room. She was extremely pale.

"I love him! I love him, Florence!" she exclaimed; "I feel changed since I have met him. I can never be happy again, for my father has rejected his proposal." Her eyes had dark circles beneath them, and a strange languor and listlessness seemed to weigh her down.

It was at this stage of affairs that Mrs. Fernell began to compromise herself with the individual whose intimacy with her brought about the final social annihilation of that progressive lady, and furnished the "fast" world with one of those rich dishes of scandal which the universal charity of the great minds common to those circles does not prevent them from making the most of.

Mrs. Alden found Mrs. Fernell very useful. Her very frivolity gave that element which the lofty lady's reunions lacked; for what is champagne if it does not sparkle. Mrs. Fernell's presence *faisait mousser le vin*. Still scandal was scandal, and when young and pretty married women too apparently infringe upon the allowed limits of coquetry and plunge into a sea of Saratoga flirtation, outflirting reason, and utterly baffling description, friends like Mrs. Alden will remonstrate. Her liking for the little woman was sincere. She thought to be able to check the weird steed upon which the fair dame seemed to be bent upon riding to destruction by snatching at the reins of remonstrance, and applying the curb of friendship. In vain. She gained a little ground by her cold determination, but lost even that by saying: "Until you cease to give rise to remark do not approach my daughter or myself."

Mrs. Fernell had gone very far already. She resented the tone of the advice, however, which though haughty was well-meant: "I will not allow you to dictate to me," she replied.

"Then I must decline your further acquaintance," answered Mrs. Alden, and she haughtily withdrew.

This was not all. When Mrs. Alden, irreproachable in character and of great influence, as much from that as any other cause, was seen to avoid Mrs. Fernell, other intimates shunned her, and the atmosphere of reprobation which might not have surrounded her had Mrs. Alden remained her approver and countenancer, became stifling.

Revenge awoke in Mrs. Fernell's bosom. A ready instrument lay at hand. She would, if she could, humble Mrs. Alden's pride. She looked upon her defection as the cause of her social position being so changed, and did not for a moment admit that her own imprudence had done the fatal work. She knew the icy and cruel character that lay beneath Hermann's polished exterior. The story of a certain Antonine de Beaurepaire, a mystery to most others, and one which Von Leiftenburg little supposed to have been revealed to Mrs. Fernell, had reached her ear abroad. Her own cousin, of whose relationship with her, Von Leiftenburg was to that day still ignorant, had been his second in the duel which took place between young De Beaurepaire and Von Leiftenburg. Immediately after it took place, the latter vanished from Vienna. Mrs. Fernell met him again at Florence, and though it was a fortnight later, Hermann's wrist was still in a sling. Lucien de Beaurepaire's brave heart was still. The sister, socially crushed, for her ruin was one of the most thorough affairs in which Von Leiftenburg's brilliant talents had ever engaged, died soon after. A double murder rested upon the German conscience, and yet avenging shades never troubled his dreams nor broke upon the vigils of that iron soul. We meet such men occasionally in fashionable society, which, suspecting yet often uncertain, takes the discreet course of ignoring what it cannot prove or that of denying it. No brand of Cain glares on their brows, no voice is heard to demand "Where is thy brother?"

Von Leiftenburg appealed to Mrs. Fernell to aid him, an unscrupulous woman goaded on by revenge. It is a terrible thing to say of one brought up in a Christian community, but I do not think the worst that could have happened to Sybil would have cost her one pang, she would ruin those who, she said in her heart, had ruined her.

Von Leiftenburg pleaded to this woman's ready ear, that he had no knowledge of American character. Obedient to her mother's orders Sybil avoided Hermann. It became impossible for him to obtain an interview with her.

Now was the time to act. Mrs. Fernell had weighed greatly upon the romance of American girls. "I should advise a *grand coup*," said she, "something dramatic and thrilling, you know. You Germans are all romantic enough, and capital hands at that sort of thing," and they walked away arm-in-arm.

At nightfall Sybil, who was seated with me in my room, received the following note:

"I bid you farewell. Life has grown dark, but my heart will soon cease to beat with this dull pain. I cannot live without you, and I refuse to live hopeless. When all is brightest to you, remember one whose love for you was stronger than that of life itself."

Sybil became ghastly pale, seized my hand and dragged me into the corridor.

"We shall be too late," exclaimed she; "come! come!"

The door of Von Leiftenburg's room stood partly open. It was situated near my guardian's apartment, and we passed it necessarily every day on the way to the hotel repasts. There did not seem to be any preparatory measure, but when we reached the door we beheld Hermann kneeling in the centre of the room holding Sybil's miniature, borrowed from Mrs. Fernell, to his breast with one hand, and a pistol to his brow with the other. Awkward but highly dramatic. Nothing could be better than the relaxed attitude of utter despair, the disheveled locks, the wild, impassioned gaze upon the picture, the haggard face, the quivering lips. There is one great actor lost to the stage in the non-appearance of the German "Von" upon the boards.

I held Sybil back, but she broke from me. I saw through the paltry sham at once. With a wild cry she rushed into her suitor's apartment, fell upon his heart, knelt beside him, called him "her own! her love! her life!" returned his impassioned kisses, then broke wildly away, looked up at me with something horribly like death in her eyes, and fainted into utter unconsciousness.

At this crisis Lord Stanton appeared in the open doorway. Could he have been told to find himself at a convenient distance? The cry from Sybil's lips had brought several ladies and gentlemen into the corridor. I suppose it is easy to perceive that the *grand coup* had succeeded, and that Sybil, unless she became the wife of Von Leiftenburg, was hopelessly compromised.

"Call my guardian instantly! Call Mr. and Mrs. Alden," said I sternly to a waiter who had appeared also upon the scene of action, "Miss Alden is indisposed." I scarcely know what to order in the midst of such a scene.

Von Leiftenburg in the meantime called wildly upon Sybil to speak to him "but one word," made his hair look considerably madder than before, wept and intensified the situation so completely, and with such thorough knowledge of dramatic effect, that Mr. Alden, who now entered, was fully persuaded by Hermann's appearance, and Lord Stanton's attempts to wrest away the pistol which Von Leiftenburg had again seized, that the poor young German nobleman had been about to scatter his astute brains for the sake of his fair daughter. Stage effect and consummate impudence carried the day.

"Why should he not marry her if he loves her so much?" said the simple soul to his wife that evening. "I thought it was her money he wanted, but he loves her, that is clear; she loves him, there is no denying that. He will remain in this country. I will manage matters as regards property so that he cannot beggar Sybil, even if he should not turn out well, and if I hear nothing to his discredit from Europe or Washington, he may have my daughter as his wife. I cannot see her unhappy." And the poor, deluded father wiped an unwonted tear from his eyes.

In the meantime Hermann was quietly seated in his apartment, perusing a little perfumed billet from Madame de Gerny, which I will translate as follows:

"Be sure, *carino*, to have the heiress's fortune *untrammelled*. If you are such a fool as to

marry a *floturiere*, do not be so utterly absurd as to sell yourself without a proper remuneration. Talk largely about your blood, and make your condescension sensibly felt. What have you to speculate upon unless it is your family? That advantage you really have, and you had better make the most of it, though you might continue upon the capital of your superb eyes for a season or two longer if you like. But as you will. ATHENAIS."

The wedding took place that winter. All the information that could be obtained about Von Leiftenburg from the diplomatic corps was satisfactory. His own family wrote to Mr. Alden, delighted at seeing a prospect for the black sheep of a really *distingue* stock being settled into the safe fold of matrimony. In a long career of what is called "elegant vice," Von Leiftenburg had dexterously avoided scandal, although he had ruined many morally, if not socially, but how was that to be known in America, which was not even rumored in those European circles in which these little affairs had occurred?

In the matter of tying up his daughter's money, Mr. Alden was firm. He bestowed a superb house, elegantly furnished, upon the young couple; was munificent in jewels and carriages, but beyond a wedding present of a handsome sum to his son-in-law, he would not go.

They were wedded, not married. You cannot blend darkness with light. All the *elite* of New York attended the wedding, which was gorgeous, and the couple were pronounced the handsomest that appeared at the hymeneal altar that season.

One morning Sybil and Hermann were standing in the conservatory. Hermann's sleeve became loosened in plucking a lily to twist in his wife's golden hair, and a mark became visible upon the wrist, as if made by a ball that had glanced over the flesh.

"What is that scar, Hermann?" asked Sybil.

"Merely a foil wound," replied Von Leiftenburg. It was the trace left by the dead De Beaurepaire's shot. The grave is silent, but when it gives up its dead, what shall the seducer answer?

Sybil was very happy. Her pure, warm heart welled up into a thousand springs of love and tenderness. To her her husband was a sort of deity, something to be so utterly, so entirely worshipped, that all thought of self was merged into the single wish to retain his love, and by that means to ensure his lasting happiness. Hermann had many moody humors, and as regarded money, he was not situated as he had hoped to be. *Genteel gambling*, as it is sometimes called, was one of his tastes, and indulgence in that was denied him. Actresses and horses were another passion. I mention both at the same time, as heart or intellect, taste or refinement, had quite as much to do with one fancy as with the other. Could Sybil have known the past of the debauchee, how her soul's pure well would have ceased to spring in gushing gladness. The old in vice are far more aged than those stricken with virtuous years. Had she been wedded to white hairs, silvered in honor, that would have been far better, for it would have been protection at least.

She soon began to shrink within herself. Purity had no charms for Hermann's taste. Many more made profligate by surrounding circumstances, or early associations of evil, from manhood's outset, yearn at heart, with vain repining, for boyhood's unsullied dreams; and if fate wed them to a pure, fond heart, return again, through Heaven's grace, to life's better and more earnest part. Hence, perhaps, the hackneyed saying, "A reformed rake makes the best husband." Courage is needed for a woman to venture such a union, but I have known two pure and lovely women who have done so, and have not repented it—for "His mercy endureth forever."

With Von Leiftenburg, however, this could not be the case. To a palate so long accustomed to tainted tastes, corrupt fruit alone was tempting. He was, in fact, a disappointed man. He had meant to have money—and a wife, since one could not be had without the other, but the wife was a mere necessary, and the last object of his concern or interest. Sybil could not talk the slang of the *coulisses*, she did not even flirt, and never roused his *blase* taste by the spice of jealousy. She had none of the *allures* of a woman of gallantry, and Hermann considered her flat. Her beauty and her lovely voice charmed him a while. When he heard her sing the *Pregliera* of Massaniello, or Rossini's brilliant arias, or the thousand and one ravishing melodies of her *repertoire*, he really imagined for a moment that he loved her. He had loved her as such men loved; a man must have depth of character to feel earnestly. How should that which may have become the highest and truest of earth's feelings, for it hath a spark of heavenly fire, live in a common heart, and, despite his intellect, beyond self, Hermann was incapable of a thought. The fire of a straw was burned out, and he yearned for many things that marriage had not brought him. Home, the future of home-ties, the sweet and holy bond of marriage, respected by mankind, blest by Heaven, the gentle accents of children born of that wedlock, the repose of home, the honored years of social esteem, the ever-strengthening home-ties and new joys of a bond made holier and more enduring by one beloved and faithful; these had no charms for him.

Sybil had persuaded her father to allow her to bestow a large sum upon her husband. Hermann was galled at the necessity for this concession.

At this stage, Madame de Gerny appeared, and began to visit Sybil, whom she had met in the fashionable world. Her airs were amusing. She talked perpetually of her family and blood. The Grand Panjandrum was not mentioned as one of her ancestors, but this, I presume, was merely an oversight on that lady's part. She remained in America, she said, to perfect herself in the language, though why she should have wished to speak that of a people whom she professed to consider so much beneath her, is certainly mysterious.

Sybil could not understand at all that her husband was by any means *declasse* by having married an American. In her mind, she belonged to the truly free, the princely indeed, for who in future ages shall bear their heads the loftiest? Those who have not a drop of blood which has not sprung from veins unsullied by one tinge of slavishness. She considered her husband as equal with herself, and had been taught that such as have any personal, social, moral, or intellectual force, could always invest their position with honor. Madame de Gerny, however, professed to regard the Von Leiftenburgen sun as shorn of some of its rays.

"Madame," said one of her own countrymen, a diplomatist of high fame, to her, on one occasion when she made her views regarding these matters more apparent than was consistent with good taste. "America has the highest and purest aristocracy in the world—that of true virtue, real honor, and nature's nobility."

I visited Sybil, and saw her bright face change. A piteous look began to be discernible about the mouth, and one evening I found her in her own room, holding up a wax-taper and contemplating her husband's portrait with a dreamy, hopeless yearning expression which made my heart ache!

"I often pray to Heaven to help me, Florence," she said to me, "for his heart is being turned away from me, and I fear I shall lose it."

I knew then that she feared the influence of Madame de Gerny.

After an hour's conversation with her that evening, in which I carefully avoided all mention of anything that could distress her—the world had already begun to talk of Von Leiftenburg and Madame de Gerny—that lady made her appearance, accompanied by Lord Stanton. Hermann entered a moment after.

Sybil disliked Lord Stanton, who made gallant speeches to her, and had constant recourse to that fulsome flattery which is so impertinent and degrading when addressed to any woman who respects herself, but which, alas! is the very general means in use by the fops who enlighten the fashionable world with the lustre of their intellect; and Lord Stanton's gallantry, although he was one of those cultivated men who semi-occasionally sprinkle the *salons* of Fifth avenue, was none the less offensive. Sybil's love for her husband was so absolute and entire, a jewel so perfect, that any breath of love not his could not but mar the surface of the gem.

Lord Stanton this evening, as usual, displayed his appreciation of the loveliness of his friend's wife to a degree that made her uncomfortable, and she at last left the spot she had occupied, and walked to the piano—an ill-judged move, for he had followed her.

Madame de Gerny was seated near Hermann.

"I observe your *belle sauvage* has no objection to what is called "flirtation" in this country. These Madonna-faced Americans, despite their downcast looks and diffident manners, are the veriest coquettes in the universe."

Von Leiftenburg's eyes followed the direction of her own, and saw Lord Stanton at this moment bending over Sybil in that attitude which, to a casual observer, is more calculated than all others to suggest love-making. It is more supplicating than kneeling. It seems to say, "Behold your prostrate slave, or your slave who is about to be prostrate." Sybil meanwhile was saying in her aching heart: "Heaven help me—my husband is near her still!" and her heavy eyes looked over at Madame de Gerny.

Hermann observed his friend's attitude. An infernal thought crossed his mind. Sybil's love had become wearisome to him. She had too much taste, too much delicacy and refinement to thrust her affection in his way. The caresses of their early marriage-days had been utterly laid aside. Still the pale face was ever before the German's eyes; a breaking heart spoke in unmistakable language upon a cheek gradually becoming more and more transparent. Hermann had begun, or imagined that he had, to love Madame de Gerny. The sallow cheeks of the *Francaise*, her bold eyes, her artificially tinted cheek, and affected manner, although previous to his marriage they had not attracted him, had now more charms for him than Sybil's pure, fair brow, her form, which owed nothing to aught but nature, and her gentle, confiding manner. There was no other reason for the dislike he seemed to feel towards her, than the fact *that she was his wife*. Sybil trammelled his intrigue—for in the world he must needs respect the decencies of life. He resolved now to quarrel openly with her as a means of going freely into society without her. She would resent his words regarding Lord Stanton; he could shake her off, and occupy himself with the French widow.

Sybil left the piano and returned to her *fauteuil* by the fire. Lord Stanton returned also. Hermann rose from his chair, as if to take a book, and passed unseen so near to Lord Stanton as to hear him say to Sybil: "Some occult fascination leads me wherever you go; but I cannot live where I do not see you and hear your voice."

Hermann Von Leiftenburg heard these words distinctly; he saw also his wife's indignant look, as she rose proudly; but when she seated herself opposite to him at a table spread with photographic views of Roman scenery, placed there for the examination of guests, he fixed his eyes upon her with as fierce a look as if she had been to blame for Lord Stanton's insolent avowal.

That gentleman was somewhat out of countenance, and when Madame de Gerny called his attention to the view of the Coliseum spread before her, he answered at random.

"You look like some love-sick boy," said the widow, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," replied Lord Stanton, "but my usual evening head-ache."

"Ah! I know that; but better the head should ache than the heart."

"Yes," answered Lord Stanton, "for one can be cured and the other cannot," and he looked with impassioned eyes at Sybil.

I trust it is apparent to the most unsophisticated mind, that Madame de Gerny and the young scion of English nobility were playing into each other's hands—but considering the dark nature of the guilty game, I do not think that any extraordinary skill was displayed upon this particular occasion. Sybil's pale lip curled with scorn—and if a libertine ever blushed, Lord Stanton would have done so, as the young wife's eyes contemptuously surveyed him.

After the guests had returned, Hermann remained alone with his wife.

"I wish to say one word to you, Madame Von Leiftenburg," said he. "I shall not suffer you to flirt with Lord Stanton."

"Suffer *me* to flirt!" exclaimed Sybil, ignorant that it was her husband's deliberate purpose to quarrel with her. "I wish he would never enter these doors again. *I*, at all events, do not wish to receive him."

"He can easily enough be kept at a distance by dignity. No man ever dare approach a woman who does not encourage him."

The gentleman saw fit to forget on this occasion that certain virtuous women had met his own unsought and unencouraged advances with scorn.

"And yet—" began Sybil. She was about to repeat Lord Stanton's words to her, but remembered that foreigners were given to duelling, and actually paused, poor child, for fear that her husband might expose his life to punish her insulter. The blood of the Von Leiftenburgs, however, did not boil on this fitting occasion.

"Do you know you are beginning to fade," said Hermann, coldly surveying his wife. "You have lost all your roundness of cheek and form."

It was also too true. Her beauty, though beauty still to an unsensual eye, was too ethereal for this man's taste; he had darkened the joyous light of those fond, trusting eyes, and shadowed that tender loveliness; he had set sorrow in the path of innocence and crushed out the flower of her youth.

"It may be so," sighed Sybil. "I am often sad and lonely. I miss you when you are absent, Hermann," she added, gently laying her hand upon his breast, hoping, sadly hoping that he would draw her to his heart again, and that she might once more lay that aching brow upon his encircling arm.

"This sort of thing is very tiresome," answered Hermann, repulsing her. "You know one of my maxims is: *'qu'on m'aime mais avec del'esprit.'*"

The heartless words of the *Grand Monarque*, who would only be loved with tact, stuck a cold chill through Sybil's brain. Life seemed to have stopped for her from that hour. She had spoken her last word of love—lifted for the last time the veil from her sad heart; bestowed her last caress upon her husband. He had wounded that delicacy which once insulted, could never suffer love to be seen again. The holy bond of marriage was broken between them—he had mocked her tenderness, her affection so innocent and sacred, so child-like and sincere, so truly that which should be sought in marriage, not the love of self in another shape, but the utter love of another to the exclusion of self, was struck to the very heart. It must henceforth be still. There was no prouder woman in all the nobility to which her husband belonged than the American *patriere*.

As she passed up the stairs, for she had turned silently away, youth, love, happiness, hope, all the joys of life seemed to her to fall away one by one; and when she reached her room and knelt for that aid to which a pure heart rather than religious education had taught her to appeal, Sybil Von Leiftenburg was as old at heart as a woman of forty. The spring of life was broken. Love

"a nullo amato amar perdona,"

It is fate.

Lord Stanton, whose further visits Von Leiftenburg did not cause to cease, continued his outrageous advances. It was impossible for her to keep her room, as her husband took especial delight in sending for her whenever Lord Stanton made his appearance, which, he being the cavalier of Madame de Gerny, afforded Hermann the opportunity of continuing his court to that lady, while Lord Stanton bestowed a thousand attentions upon Sybil. At last, goaded by this unmanly pursuit, Sybil appealed to me for advice. How could I advise her? My own recent marriage made me the more averse to advise in any matter of so delicate a nature; but I suggested that the fact should be laid before her "lord and master." I suppose of course that if he had a drop of gentlemanly blood in his veins, he would order Lord Stanton never to enter his house again.

"Ask him to order this man never to enter his doors," said I to Sybil.

Sybil did so. It was useless.

In the course of that winter, there were tableaux vivants at the Von Leiftenburg's house. I acted with my husband, Sybil with one of her cousins; and Hermann, of course, with Madame de Gerny. The tableaux in which Sybil, Mr. Farnham, myself and Edward Elwington, my husband, were to appear was a scene from *Les Gaunaches*," and succeeded to that in which Madame de Gerny and Hermann had appeared as Louis Quatorze and Louise de la Valliere. They had chosen the scene in which the young king in endeavoring to draw La Valliere away and she is kneeling at the foot of a cross; I am inclined to think, however, that, as regards crosses, Madame's preference would have been for one set in diamonds and capable of being suspended about the neck. I entered with Sybil behind the drop-curtain as the tableau terminated; for there were many pictures to be grouped, and they necessarily somewhat hurried one after another; Signora di Pragi, an Italian lady, entered with us, for the purpose of grasping the tableau, a talent which she possessed to perfection. As the curtain fell, Sybil, as well as I, saw Hermann bend over and kiss his companion's shoulder, still holding her waist as in the tableau represented a moment before.

There are hearts which can bear these sights and live, but they have never truly loved.

"What have I to live for now," said Sybil to me after that weary evening had gone by. "I can never believe again. I felt that he had ceased to love me—his own words told me so; and yet I hoped, Florence, that when evil influence had passed away, my husband would be mine again. But it was not to be."

And the great tears, hot as molten lead, fell upon my hands.

That kiss was rather an imprudent move on Von Leiftenburg's part as regarded the lady actress in the scene. Among those who are to appear in the scene of the evening, Signora Di Pragi was, of all others, least like to keep to herself anything to the detriment of Madame De Gerny, against whom she had an old grudge of jealous bitterness. She did not fail to spread the story, and from that time the star of the *Parisienne* went down in the New York horizon. Sybil's heart-broken looks, for struggle as she would, her countenance told its sad story, confirmed the Italian's statement. Madame De Gerny was not sufficiently liked for it not to be credited. Several ladies, each of whom had some cause of resentment against the coquettish dame, who had so far sacrificed herself as to shine upon this benighted country, and give us an insight into foreign manners, turned their backs upon her. The door of the various residences of the world of fashion were closed against her, her cards remained unnoticed, no further invitations were extended to her. Mrs. Alden, whose influence was vast, "cut" her. In solitary grandeur she remained at home, and had no one to whom to say that "solitude was charming." New York society lost the sterling advantages which it might otherwise have derived from further association with the aristocratic *Francaise*, in fact they were not appreciated. The ladies of this vulgar land shook her off, bad taste, but *que voulez-vous?* we are so hopelessly plebeian!

Hermann now found himself driven into seeking the "De Gerny" in the magnificent solitude we have referred to. Suddenly a change took place. Madame De Gerny received a letter informing her that she had inherited a large amount. A second letter confirmed the first, and she immediately began her preparations to return to France and receive that compensation from good fortune which she undoubtedly so richly deserved. No thoughts of the aching heart of Sybil Von Leiftenburg disturbed her plans. She was to be wealthy, and consequently happy. Remorse was a feeling which never visited her bosom. I presume it is a sensation decidedly *de mauvais gout*. Low, in fact.

Sybil, after the tableaux, had remained in her own room so long that the *femme de chambre* had knocked at the door to inquire if her lady was ill. Before Mrs. Alden could be summoned, or a physician called, Sybil lay in the wildest delirium of fever.

I watched with her several nights; bathed her brow, and lifted away from it the heavy masses of hair that seemed to oppress her. Her theme was always the same: "He has forgotten me, he never, never loved me! call him back! send her away! I am your wife, Hermann, your own wife! She does not, she cannot love you one-half so well as I!" "That man has insulted me," she would exclaim. "You have insulted me," she would reiterate as if addressing Lord Stanton. Then she would recognize me and ask brokenheartedly: "Has Hermann come?"

At last he came. Sybil was in the height of delirium, and I think something like remorse troubled him for a moment, but only for a moment. There, in his wife's sick room, a note brought by the little Polish tiger, whom Madame De Gerny had "imported," she spoke of him as if he had been a bonnet, was handed to him. Mrs. Alden looked at him from head to foot as she perused, but said nothing.

"Ah! you have come at last," exclaimed Athenais, as he entered her *salon*. "What! you are pale! Is all this emotion for that little *Americaine?* If that is the case you had better return to her. Can anything be more ridiculous than the marked effect of the matrimonial joke?" After this undoubtedly witty speech Madame De Gerny laughed sarcastically.

"She is very ill," answered Von Leiftenburg.

"What does that matter? You married for money, and you did not get it. You are obliged to remain here in order to live at all, and papa and mamma will not suffer the precious heiress beyond their *surveillance*. You have too many expenses, lavish as your wife has been, to travel alone. The whole thing is *une affaire manquee*."

Madame De Gerny continued her raillery, until the man of the world was heartily ashamed of the impulse which had caused him to reproach himself with his cruelty towards his wife. Good feelings were so unusual with him that they made him uncomfortable, producing the same commotion as a sudden return to health would probably occasion in a confirmed invalid.

It was said in society when the *finale* of this story became known, that Von Leiftenburg had incurred very heavy gambling debts. Now gambling in fashionable life in America is by no means as common as it is abroad, and the truth was never sufficiently well known for this report to become general. Perhaps it merely arose from the candid expression of Lord Stanton's opinion on the subject. Von Leiftenburg's intimate on this occasion gave his views as to the *denouement* as follows: "Gambling! that was a thing that he certainly understood, I grant him that," said he to a young Russian *attache* as they conversed over their wine, "obliged to hold in as regarded money on account of wife, you know, but a hard boy. Gambled, ah!" and he snapped his fingers in the air as if the infinity of space could alone contain the sums lavished in this manner by his former *fidus Achates*. There is something truly beautiful in friendship and sincerity.

A few days passed, during which Sybil hovered between life and death. The family physician said that the wish to recover seemed to be wanting, when at last she became convalescent.

"Why should I live, Florence?" she said to me, for I still left home as often as I could without neglecting its duties to sustain and comfort my darling, who found little support in her haughty mother's society, little consolation in her blame of "the infatuated marriage to which she had given a reluctant consent." "What is life to me now, his love is dead. And yet, yet he loved me once. Look!" and she raised the sleeve and exposed her emaciated arm, upon which was clasped a tiny bracelet, of her own sunny locks and Hermann's darker hair braided into one slender strand. On a tiny band of gold her husband had written these words with a diamond pin. "Twixt thee and me love's charm is lighter still." "Lighter, lighter indeed," she murmured, "so light it could bear no strain."

"Thank heaven we are childless;" she resumed, "this may seem impious, and once to have crowned me with myriads of gems would have seemed to me no glory like that of seeing his child breathe upon his breast, beneath his smile; to have kissed those eyes of his, in a being born of the blending of his heart with mine, but now! Ah! I have loved too well yet; had I forgotten heaven in him, I should not dare repine, but I have knelt and thanked the Giver of all, amid my prayers for him in happier days, I was so grateful for his love, and Florence, perhaps, had he loved me truly, I might have led him to think of God. I have had a dreadful thought sometimes. Why, since God is our Father, could He not have spared me this misery? Are His children not worth that to Him?"

"Whom He loveth, He chasteneth," answered I.

A wrapt, intense look came over her face. She was renouncing earth, and I felt that unless a miracle was wrought, unless her husband's love came back to her, that pure heart had at least one hope, for it would soon cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.

The physician pronounced the utter debility and prostration which followed to be the beginning of a serious *maladie de langueur*.

The first person who appeared after Sybil, at her parent's entreaty, descended once more to her reception room, was Lord Stanton. His face was almost as haggard as her own. The Englishman had fallen passionately in love with his friend's wife, and despite the scorn with which she had received his advances, he ventured to renew them.

"Had you died you would have broken one heart at least. Why this tenderness," said he, "towards that insensible clod who dares to suffer his thoughts to wander from such love as yours. There is no torture, however hellish, that I would not undergo for but one moment's knowledge that your heart beat with one pulse for me!" He had indeed read all the *best* novels of the day.

Sybil was still weak with her illness, but at this dastardly outrage the poor wife, unprotected, under no holy guard of requited marriage love, guarded by which no such insult would have been offered her, rose to her feet, and pale with anger as well as scorn, pointed to the door. Her appeal to her husband had been unavailing, it remained for her now to speak and be rid of this cowardly intruder at once.

"Will you leave the room, or shall I call a lacquey to thrust from the door the false friend who insults a wife in her husband's absence? I have borne your previous declarations in silence, Lord Stanton, but civilized as you assume to be, the poor Arab is superior to you: he will not break bread with the man to whom he is at heart an enemy."

"You are merciless because you do not need mercy. How can you feel what I endure? Your cold heart—"

"My cold heart, Lord Stanton! my heart feels real love. Do you think my husband's coldness, the death of his love, would for a moment justify a wandering thought of mine? For him I would die to-morrow."

"And he scorns such love. Oh! hear me, Sybil," exclaimed Lord Stanton, flinging himself at her feet, and endeavoring to clasp her hand. "This man is unworthy of you; see, I have endeavored, for your sake, to cause him to pause. I am not selfish; I would have saved him for you. Speak one kind word to me, Sybil; read these papers, they will assure you that I have remembered your anguish in the midst of mine."

He placed two notes in her hand, and Sybil, gasping for breath, forgetting that every moment of this man's continued presence was contamination, tore them open and read them.

One was a note from Madame de Gerny, informing Lord Stanton of her departure: "If the little *Americaine* mourns, console her; the *beau tenebreux* goes with me."

The other note was addressed by Stanton to Hermann, to entreat him to pause, and the former knowing that Von Leiftenburg's departure would crush Sybil to the earth, had really intended it for the German's perusal.

Sybil sat stunned a moment. "Leave me," she murmured at last. Lord Stanton bowed and withdrew, but as he drove from the door he wore an expression of complacency and muttered to himself: "The action intensifies; outraged pride must do its wonted work. I wait for the gods to smile."

There seems to be a peculiar charm in the easy *descensus averni* chosen by the rous, if he can drag some peculiarly innocent being down the slope with him; but between the profligate and Sybil rose like a flaming sword her mighty, deathless, and unquenchable, though slighted and insulted love. She loved *once*, after that the rose of her heart bloomed into life no more.

At twelve that night Hermann returned. He passed into his apartment, and Sybil followed him; it was the first time that she had penetrated there. Delicacy, until duty permitted it, had forbidden the intrusion. She shrank as she saw the pictures which hung upon the wall. In the room were Lais and Phryne upon canvas, and Antenor in marble. In her room hung a Madonna, and above her couch her husband's portrait.

As his wife approached Hermann turned. "One word," said Sybil, "only one. Love for me is gone from your heart, that I know. You are as free as if no vow bound us. I do not seek an unwilling heart, but oh! my husband, I must save you. Think of the ruin that awaits you if you follow this woman; you are lost socially; what honest man, what human being worthy of the name will ever extend the hand of friendship to him who has abandoned his wife?"

"You assume much, Madame. What do you mean?"

"I mean to save you, Hermann; to save you from that selfish being who would sacrifice all that is most to your interest for herself alone. Think of the future, think of long years of dishonor, think what your talents bind you to effect, think of my parents. I will not urge anything but what is nearest to you," she added bitterly, "but pause now. Suffer that woman to depart alone."

"You plead in vain."

The poor wife grew ghastly, but suddenly throwing herself before her husband in the same attitude of entreaty that his false friend had assumed that morning at her feet, she exclaimed:

"Will you, can you leave me unprotected? Remember, I bear your name, and a deserted wife is exposed to every insult."

"This life stifles me, I cannot breathe here; there is nothing, no excitement. My blood boils for something that is not here. Go I must! I leave you your wealth. The millionaire's daughter cannot complain."

"Hermann! Hermann! one last word!" and Sybil rose to stay him. The door closed. Her limbs refused to carry her further. The excitement of the entire day had been too much for a frame weakened by dangerous and prolonged illness. A hot stream bubbled in her throat, and the room reeled around upon her sight as she fell forward.

When her mother found her in the morning she was still stretched upon the floor of the apartment, and the blood which had trickled between her lips was a deeper crimson than that of the rose from Madame de Gerny's hair, which Hermann had laid upon the mosaic table on entering, and had swept to the floor on his departure. It lay not a yard from where Sybil had fallen.

They lifted her, weak as a child.

On the morrow the vessel sailed for Europe, and Hermann Von Leiftenburg and Madame de Gerny had eloped together.

I called at the house that day, having received a message from Mrs. Alden to say that her daughter's delirium had returned. The city rang already with the news, so rapid is the spread of scandal. On the stairway I met Mr. Alden. He looked bowed and aged, but there was that in his face that was worse than age, a vacant look almost like idiocy denoted that such a shock had fallen upon the old man's brain as he would never recover. "They cannot make me believe it," he said to me, "it could never be; she was all I had, all!" I tottered on to the door of Sybil's apartment.

The mother, the woman of the world, knelt in an abject attitude of prostrate grief at the foot of her only child's couch. The stony heart had melted at last. Mrs. Fernell's revenge had "told," and if she could have seen the result of her *grand coup*, she might have shuddered. I looked at the couch. The white emaciated hand held the tiny bracelet firmly to Sybil's breast. Her love had forgiven even the last, bitterest, most cowardly blow. Love had been her fate. I raised the delicate face from her face, it was that of an aged person. The utter piteousness of the sweet mouth even death had been powerless to efface. Her cup of anguish had been quaffed to the very dregs; mercy had

come to still that tried heart, for what would long years have been but a hopeless struggle against an immortal sorrow. That heart, so strong, so brave, so tender, so loving, which through years of wifehood neither poverty, nor any trial but one, could have chilled with one lasting pang had broken at last and was still. The gripe of the destroyer had hushed its last painful bound. She had sighed her last sigh, wept her last tear. Sybil was dead.

Accommodating!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"As the fool thinks, so the bell clinks."

I presume there are few persons who have not heard the above saying; but very few, perhaps, know its origin. Some years ago an old Scotch lady told it to me as follows:

In the city of Edinburgh, as she called it, a lady sent her servant, a half-witted fellow, to buy her some oranges. Donald bought them, and was proceeding home, when he became weary, and sat himself down on the steps of a church, and looking at the bright yellow fruit in his basket, he desired much to try their flavor, when the church bell began to ring.

"Dingle, dong, don."

"Oh, yes," said the lad, "Donald, take one, is it?" And with that he put his teeth into one of the very finest, and enjoyed the taste thereof hugely.

He was about to move on, when the bell again tolled out:

"Dingle, ding, doo."

"Yes, yes," quoth Donald. "I hear you say it,—'Donald, take twa, is it?'" So he eat another of the tempting fruit.

Now he must go. So up he starts, when again the bell sounded:

"Doh, dingle, dingle, doh, dingle, doh"—which he interpreted as, "Oh, indeed, Donald, you may take 'em a'."

So poor Donald going home to his mistress without the oranges, and explaining the way in which he was induced to eat them, his mistress merely replied:

"As the fool thinks, so the bell chinks,"—for had it not said plainly to his ears, "Donald, take one—Donald, take twa—och, indeed, Donald, you may take 'em a'."

THUNDER BUGS.

I am almost tired of "three-year-old" sayings—but here is one of a four-year old:

Robbie was out on the balcony one night, when he spied a fire-fly, and was told that it was a "lightning-bug." The next evening a storm was brewing, and the distant thunder rolling, when Robbie ran in to his mother saying: "Oh! mamma, come out and show me the thunder-bugs!"

One bright winter's day during the pork season, old General B——— was lounging on some boxes in front of one of our stores. There he sat, all drawn up, looking at the teams driven in the town. Now the old General seldom spoke, but when he did, he said something.

At last an old friend of his came driving along sitting on a pile of dead hogs.

"Mornin'," said the General, with his quiet smile; "still a hauling in yere feller critters, be ye?"

At another time, we were amused at his cuteness. There had been an election for Sheriff; and much to the surprise of all good men, a miserable loafer was elected; and the excuse of those who voted for him, was, that he was lame and good for nothing else.

Soon after this election, which had troubled the General very much, we were passing his place of residence, and there sat the old man on his garden fence, bent double with rheumatism.

"Why, General, why are you sitting out here in the cool air, in your state of health?"

And he replied with a sly look,

"Just to show folks how bad I am, in hopes they'll 'lect *me* to somethin'."

☞ CUNNING.—The greatest cunning is to have none at all.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market is rather more active. Sales 10,000 bbls, mostly extra family, at $8,75@9,25 for northwest, and $8,50@10,50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, and fancy brands at $11@12. Rye Flour—Sales at $6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat are moderate. Sales 40,000 bush at $2,05@2,10 for new reds, $2,15@2,25 for old do, the latter for amber, and $2,30@2,40 for white. Rye is selling at 95@1,10. Corn—Sales 35,000 bushels at 90c for yellow, afloat, $1 in store, 97c for western mixed, and 99c for white. Oats—38,000 bushels were disposed of at 60@62c.

PROVISIONS.—There is little or nothing doing in bbld Meat, and prices are nominally $33@34 for Mess Pork, and $12@13 for country and city Mess Beef. Bacon is selling at 27@30c for plain and fancy Hams, 19c for Sides, and 18@18½c for Shoulders. Green Meats—Sales at 16½@17c for Shoulders, in salt. Lard, about 200 tcs sold at 23@23½c for common and prime; kegs are selling at 25@26c for fair and prime. Butter is firm at 25@28c for good and prime packed. Cheese is selling at 15@17c. Eggs are worth 27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is more active, the week's sales reach about 750 bales, in lots, at 43@45c for middlings.

BARK.—Quercitron comes in slowly. Sales 1st No 1 at $32,50 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX.—Good yellow is worth 30@31c ₩ lb.

COAL is in active demand to go East. Prices generally range at $8@9 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS.—Sales good Western at 90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT.—Sales are confined to Peaches, which are not so plenty, and range at $1@1¼ ₩ basket. Apples are scarce and high; and Dried Fruit very quiet.

HAY is dull at $16@20 ₩ ton.

HOPS.—Sales new at 50 to 60c, and old at 35 to 40c.

IRON.—There is a good inquiry for Pig Metal. Sales at $28@32 for Forge, and $42@45 for Foundry.

LUMBER is firm and less active. White Pine is selling at $25 to 28, Yellow Sap $23 to 24, Lehigh Hemlock $18 to 19, Raft do $13 to 14, and White Pine Shingles at $27 to 29 ₩ M.

OILS.—Petroleum is active and on the advance, and about 9000 bbls refined in bond sold at 53½@55c. Free Oil is selling at 70@75c, as to color. Crude is nominally held at 40c.

SEEDS.—There is more doing in Clover seed at $8,50@9 ₩ bushel. Timothy brings $4,75@5 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed.—Sales at $3,25 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum is selling at $2,35. Whiskey.—Sales at $2,27@2,30.

SUGARS are active. Sales 2,000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 13½@14½c, currency, including 200 hhds English Island at 8½c, gold. About 500 boxes also sold at 14@15½c, currency.

TALLOW is steady at 14½@15c.

WOOL.—The market is firm, with sales of 250,000 lbs, in lots, at 65@75c for common and fine Fleece, 77@80c for choice clips, and 70@75c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2850 head. The prices realized from $10,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 2200 Hogs at from $16 to 17,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 7½c ₩ lb. 145 Cows brought from $30 to 65 ₩ head.

A MODERN MIRACLE!

From old and young, from rich and poor, from high-born and lowly, comes the Universal Voice of praise for

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

It is a perfect and miraculous article. Cures baldness. Makes hair grow. A better dressing than any "oil" or "pomatum." Softens brush, dry and wiry hair into Beautiful Silken Tresses. But, above all, the great wonder is the rapidity with which it restores GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

Use it a few times, and

PRESTO, CHANGE!

the whitest and worst looking hair resumes its youthful beauty. It does not dye the hair, but strikes at the root and fills it with new life and coloring matter.

It will not take a long, disagreeable trial, to prove the truth of this matter. The first application will do good; you will see the NATURAL COLOR returning every day, and

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,

the old, gray, discolored appearance of the hair will be gone, giving place to lustrous, shining and beautiful locks.

Ask for Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer; no other article is at all like it in effect. You will find it

CHEAP TO BUY, PLEASANT TO TRY, and SURE TO DO YOU GOOD.

There are many imitations. Be sure you procure the genuine, manufactured only by R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

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ALL WHO DESIRE THEIR HAIR WITH

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing,"

Pronounce it *perfect, and the only known Restorer of Color and Hair Dresser combined.*

	"London"	Gray	"Hair Color."
In	"London"		"Hair Color." It
	"London"	Hair	"Hair Color."
XLNC	"London"		"Hair Color." is
	"London"	Changed	"Hair Color." not
	"London"		"Hair Color."
I XL.	"London"	without	"Hair Color." a
	"London"		"Hair Color."
	"London"	dyeing.	"Hair Color." dye.
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MAKES THE HAIR SOFT, GLOSSY AND LUXURIANT. KEEPS THE SCALP CLEAN, COOL AND HEALTHY.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. sep2-eowtf

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 319 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price $2 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND Street, NEW YORK. je17-3m

THE SOLDIER'S TRUE FRIEND.—For over forty years, Doctor Holloway has been supplying all the armies of Europe with his PILLS AND OINTMENT, they having proved themselves the only medicines able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, Sores, Wounds and Bruises. Every knapsack should contain them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, Mr. WILLIAM H. SCOTT, of this city, to Miss ANNIE E. HAMMELL, of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. G. WASHINGTON CAMPBELL, of Wilmington, Del., to Miss MARY A. WADDELL, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOSEPH S. GREENE to Miss ANNA E. BOWEN, both of this city.

On the 30th of Aug., by the Rev. Jos. E. Smith, Mr. JOSEPH SHUBERT to Miss MARY DETWEILER, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. James Cooper, Mr. JACOB WINTER to Miss SARAH A. MITCHELL, both of this city.

On the 30th of Aug., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. WILLIAM BLACKBURN to Miss ESSIE STEWART, both of this city.

On the 31st of Aug., by the Rev. E. C. Bittinger, Chaplain C. S. N., Acting Passed Assistant Surgeon WILLIAM F. HUTCHINSON, U. S. N., to Miss EMMA C. FISHER, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, JAMES HAMILTON, aged 45 years.

On the 5th instant, SILAS S. RENNELS, in his 60th year.

On the 4th instant, CHARLES MOWRY, Printer, aged about 43 years.

On the 5th instant, ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, in his 36th year.

On the 4th instant, DAVID HENDERSON, aged 36 years.

On the 2d instant, ANN, widow of the late Jos. Parsons, aged 61 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM RHOADS, in his 32d year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM MAHARG, in his 29th year.

On the 1st instant, GEORGE ROBINSON, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, JOHN SMITH, in his 63d year.

On the 1st instant, ROBERT STREET, artist, in his 70th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH, Established in 1840. Family Dry Goods Store.
FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c. mar18-1y

A Reasonable Complaint.

The following anecdote from the Genesco (Ill.) Republic reminds us of the story in the "Pickwick Papers" about the debtor who had been in prison so long that he had no inclination to escape. The turnkey would let him go out occasionally for an airing, enjoining upon him to be back by nine o'clock in the evening. The prisoner got into bad habits, and came several time after the gates were locked for the night. At last the turnkey addressed him after this fashion: "My friend, the next time you don't get home before nine o'clock, I'll lock you out, and keep you out altogether." The poor prisoner, frightened at the threat, never again went outside of his prison-home. The Republic's story is that one of the prisoners in Cambridge jail, near Genesco, addressed a note to Mr. Otis, the sheriff, in which he informs him that if he does not board up the holes and keep the sheep from coming into his cell at night, he will leave the institution. He concludes as follows: "I can't sleep while the sheep are running about in jail, and I can't stand it any longer."

☞ A genius down East has invented a new kind of dwelling. They are made of Indian-rubber, and so portable that you can carry a row of three-story houses in your hat. We don't believe that rubber story. A man might perhaps carry a brick in his hat, but anything more is impossible.

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Daily except Sundays.

Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry.

For Cape May, &c., at 8 30 A. M., Mail; 2 30 P. M., Passenger.

For Millville and Vineland, 8 30 A. M., Mail, and 2 30 P. M., Passenger.

For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9 15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.

For Glassboro', &c., 8 30 and 9 15 A M., 2 30, 4 P. M.

For Woodbury, &c., 9 15 A. M., 2 30, 4 and 6 30 P. M.

RETURNING, WILL LEAVE

Cape May at 6 A. M., Mail; 5 P. M., Passenger.

Millville at 5 30 and 10 02 A. M.; 5 58 P. M.

Bridgeton at 6 40 A. M., Mail; 4 20 P. M., Passenger.

Salem at 6 25 A. M., Mail; 4 05 P. M., Passenger.

Woodbury at 7 05, 9 13 and 11 36 A. M.; 5 54 and 8 28 P. M., Passenger.

J. VAN RENSSELAER, Superintendent

West Jersey, Salem, and Cape May and Millville Railroad.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY

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Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY" is the leading steel engraving of the SEPTEMBER number of this favorite periodical—and a very pretty picture it is. It will remind many of the days of their childhood, when they roamed about catching butterflies—and some perhaps may think sadly that since they have grown to riper years, they have been engaged in nothing much more important than trying to catch such other butterflies as wealth and pleasure and fame. The steel fashioned plate for this number is as handsome as usual, and the sporting dress in it something a little peculiar. We suppose it is the way that the Empress Eugenie and her ladies dress, when on their sporting excursions. "Looking for Father," is a pretty wood engraving. Then we have engravings of a Lace Jacket, Mode of Dressing the Hair, a Bridal Coiffure, In-door Cap, &c., &c. We quote the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

STEEL PLATE.—Catching the Butterfly.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
"Looking for Father."—Lace Jacket, (front view.)—Name in Satin-stitch.—Lace Jacket, (back view.)—Insertion.—Mode of Dressing the Hair.—Collar.
MUSIC—President Johnson's Grand March.
CHERRY LAWN. By HATTIE HAMMOND.
LOVE'S IDOLATRY. By MRS. A. V. B.
PAROLED. By ADDIE E. SUTTON.
TITIAN VERCELLI.
LOOKING BEYOND. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
TO CLARE. By M.
MRS. MELENDY'S MATCH. By FRANCES LEE.
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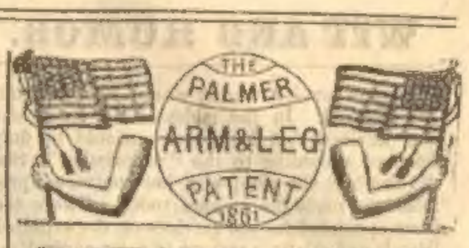

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	68

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$68
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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ENTERTAINING AND USEFUL.—Directions for a new Game for school children. Sent, post-paid, for 10 cents. W. W. SWETT, Hightstown, N. J.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Sorrowful.—A worthy woman lost her worthy husband. In the midst of her grief, she was anxious that his remains should be duly honored according to the "proprieties." She did the best she could with her contracted premises to make the needed room. Before the hour appointed for the services or the expected friends and relatives arrived, in came snuffy Mrs. Grundy—on a preliminary call of curiosity and inquisition. "Laws me!" she exclaimed through her nasal organ, as she peered about. "How nice you do look—all fixed up for the funeral—very smart indeed. Borrowed some cheers, didn't ye? Bless me! got a new clock, too, since I was here last—there in the corner, han't ye?" "Oh no! oh no!" rocked out and groaned out the disconsolate widow. "That's—my—poor—dear—dead—husband. We had—to—to—stand—his—coffin—up—on end—to make room—enough—for the company—oh! oh!"

First Love.—David Crockett, when quite a youth, fell in love with a beautiful Quaker girl, and he thus forcibly, graphically, and poetically describes the effect, on an ardent and susceptible mind, produced by first love:

"I found myself over head and ears in love with this girl, and I thought that if all the hills were pure chink, and all belonged to me, I would give them if I could just talk to her as I wanted to; but I was afraid to begin; for when I would think of saying anything to her, my heart would begin to flutter like a duck in a puddle; and if I tried to outdo it, and speak, it would get right smack up my throat and choak me like a cold potato."

The Old Lady Ahead.—A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and somewhat short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about preparing and putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all his bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question: "Whaur's this you're gaun, Robbie, that ye make sic a grand wark about your claes?" The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied: "I am going to the devil." "'Deed, Robbie, then," was the quick answer, "ye need na be sae nice, he'll jist take ye as ye are."

Impromptu.—An old gentleman named Gould having married a young lady of nineteen, thus addressed his friend, Dr. G., at the wedding festival:

"So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with *old Gould!*"

To which the doctor replied:

"A girl of nineteen may love *Gould*, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U*."

Spicy Grumbling.—"What is the use of living?" snarled a veteran grumbler the other day. "We are flogged for crying, when we are babies—flogged because the master is cross, when we are boys—obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men—to work still harder (and suffer something worse!) when we are husbands—and, after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die, and leave our children to quarrel about the possession of father's watch; and our wives—*to catch somebody else.*"

Tight Squeeze.—A young man recently having succeeded, after much persuasion, in getting a kiss from a girl, went and told of it. One of her acquaintances met her, and said,

"So, Mary, John says that you let him kiss you."

"I did let him, after he had teased me an hour; but it was a tight squeeze even then."

"So, ho!" exclaimed the other, "he did not mention that. He only spoke of the kiss, but did not say anything about the squeeze."

The Queen.—A fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village and came to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "what the Queen was like." "Loike!" cried Hodge. "Why, I ne'er was so cheated in my loife. What don't think, Margaret? her armsare like thoine and mine; although I have heard excisemen say a score of times her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

☞ A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says he overheard the following conversation between two small urchins:—Says one, "Ain't you got no grandmother?" "No." "I tell yer," responded the first, "they're tip top. Let yer do as you please; give yer as much good stuff as yer can eat, and the more you tease them the better they like it."

On the tombstone over the graves of a husband and wife, are the following lines:

"Within this grave do lie,
Back to back, my wife and I,
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still."

☞ When Madge was a very little girl her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had leaves."

The friends of a celebrated wit expressed some surprise that, with his age and fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it necessary to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said; "my acquaintances began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

A spectator at Newport, seeing a man some distance from the shore, bathing, expressed apprehensions for his safety, when a bystander remarked, "There is no danger—his head will buoy his body."

"You have been sorely tried," said a sympathizing friend to Joe Crowden, weeping over the coffin of his third wife. "Yes," responded the bereaved one, "I have always had the dreadfulest luck with women."

☞ Pam's Latest.—"What is the difference between occupation and business?" It is thus expounded by Lord Palmerston:—"The French are in occupation of Rome, but they have no business there."

SELF-EVIDENT.

Leonardo Da Vinci.

If this nineteenth century of ours has one peculiarity more marked than any other, it is capacity for strenuous and continuous exertion displayed by its great men. We live in an age of work. In every department of science, of art, of literature, there are men who labor like giants, putting their hand to the plough, and never looking back till Nature revenges her over-taxed energies by failing health and premature decay. Nay, even Nature herself sometimes seems inclined to forego her claims as in the case of our gallant old Premier, who, at nearly eighty-one, has earned for himself the title of "Young Palmerston." Everywhere there is competition, and the least slackening in the pace implies defeat. Fresh triumphs in science crowd upon each other's heels. Scarcely has one discovery astonished the world, before another, equally marvellous, appears, and drives its predecessor into the realm of everyday life. Railways, telegraphs, photographs, turn by turn, demand the public attention. Literature advances with gigantic strides. In the one department of weekly and monthly magazines, the issue has increased from 400,000 in 1831, to 6,940,000 in 1864. But from the very fact that every step in discovery is known to hundreds of thousands of busy minds, and discussed from every point of view by eager tongues, it is difficult to define the advance made by any individual discoverer; and generally the utmost that can be said is, that such a man improved so much upon the idea of some other, as to make it virtually his own. The curious phenomenon of simultaneous discovery is constantly appearing. It is hard for a man to make any great mark upon the world. Hero-worship is all but extinct. We prefer to speak of "the spirit of the age," and to believe that our greatest men are, after all, not so very far in advance of the rest. But in by-gone times things seem, at first sight, to have been very different. In history the figure of a hero stands out—he and his work—distinct from all his surroundings. The discoveries he made, the deeds he performed, or the light he shed upon the world, seem to belong to him, and to him alone. Probably the great difficulty of communication three hundred years ago, and the absence of periodical literature and of general cultivation, did really tend to produce a more marked distinction than is possible now, between intellects of the highest and the average order. But it is probable, too, that this distinction is greatly exaggerated in our estimation, by forgetting that we are looking back upon a scene, whence the rush and stir of thought and passion have long since died out. The lesser lights of the age are forgotten, and time has pronounced the verdict of immortality upon those that remain.

These remarks apply specially to the man whose name stands at the head of this paper. In his lifetime, though his fame was great, the Italian world had probably but a very faint idea of what a magnificent genius was in its midst.

A man was described in a plea as "I. Jones," and the pleader referred in another part of the plea to "I" as an "initial." The plaintiff said that the plea was bad, because "I" was not a name. Sir W. Maule said that there was no reason why a man might not be christened "I" as well as Isaac, inasmuch as either could be pronounced alone. The counsel for the plaintiff then objected that the plea admitted that "I" was not a name by describing it as "an initial." "Yes," retorted the judge, "but it does not aver that it is not a *final* as well as *initial* letter."

The hatter to the Prince of Wales has published a book upon hats, in which he finds fault with Sir Edward Landseer's portrait of the Prince Consort. The latter says: "Had the hat luckily been placed just an inch more horizontally, the crown would have displayed my name as 'Hatter to his Royal Highness,' and thus rendered me an incalculable service, without prejudicing the picture in the least degree. But Fate, or the artist's fancy, decreed otherwise."

Meerschaum is made on a large scale in New York by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia and silicate being the only requisite for success. The profits are immense, as will be seen. Magnesia costs about twenty-five cents per pound, silicate of soda even less; a pipe made of the "foam of the sea," as smokers verily believe, costs for material about five cents, leaving the balance for labor.

☞ Wisdom and Folly.—He is not thoroughly wise who can't play the fool on occasion.

Rare Attraction.

Artemus Ward, in the prospectus of his Irving Hall entertainment in New York, tempts the public to come and see him with the following inducements:

The festivities will be commenced by the pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads, "Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the House?" "My Gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?" "Mother, is the Battle O'er, and is it safe for me to come home from Canada?" and (by request of several families who haven't heard it) "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." While the enraptured ear drinks in this sweet music [we pay our pianist nine dollars a week and "find him,"] the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the Panorama. This green baize cost forty cents a yard at Mr. Stewart's store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of "The Wearing o' the Green." We shall keep up with the times if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Improved Pork.

An improvement, and a very great one too, is much needed in hog raising and pork-making—no one will deny that—at least no one who purchases his pork by the barrel, or in the market by the pound. Our Israelites are in the right of it to hold pork—such pork as our markets afford, as an abomination. As a rule, the material is not such food as a common-sense Christian would naturally select, provided there were any sort of a fair choice left to him. But that there is not—at least so far as any of our eastern markets are concerned.

We admire a nice, solid, square-cut rib piece of salted or corned pork, where the pork lies white as prime winter lard, and cuts as firm as old cheese from the ribs out to the depth of six inches from the ribs, covered on its outer surface with a clear, pearly skin scarcely thicker than that of a first-class turkey gobbler.

There is value received, and capital eating and satisfaction, and the price of the pork saved in butter for divers cooking purposes, in such a piece of pork.

But who is there that has ever secured such a prize in any one of all our eastern city markets? We have never heard of the lucky customer.

On the contrary, uncouth slabs, flabby, greasy chunks, wrinkled dingy, soft, mis-shapen wedges—quoins cut in more acute and obtuse angles than ever Chinese block puzzle exhibited, with a streak of fat and a streak of lean, and then another streak of *lean*, and a hide on it like that of a rhinoceros—that's what we innocents purchase and Teutonic venders assure us is "nice goot bork as nefer was."

Now if a few of our rural neighbors who supply our market stalls with pork, would take the condition of things into serious consideration, and furnish just such material as we can find in the markets of almost any one of our Western cities, or anytime in a barrel of Cincinnatin "No. 1 Mess," packed for sea-stores, they would very soon establish a market pleasant to us, and profitable to themselves.

But in pork-making, as in all other manufactures, if we intend to turn out a first-class article we must use in its construction the best possible material. A long-legged, slab-sided, wedge-nozed racer of grid-iron breed, pastured on pig-weed, and "fed up" on still slops and dish-water, will never afford our kind of pork.

Perhaps there is no variety of stock in this country that more requires a thorough regeneration and improvement, than the hog. No other of our domestic animals so rapidly deteriorates in quality and condition when left entirely to its own reproductive resources. In five generations the domestic hog sent beyond the influence of civilization, loses all his domestic characteristics, and degenerates into the savage brute—lean, long-legged, gaunt, grisley, thick-hided wild-boar, whose head—grim and grinning, in feudal times afforded an admirable ornament at the head of some old baronial wassail-board, where knights and men-at-arms were but a shade less savage than the bristling boar himself. But in this uncivilized condition the animal is incapable of supplying pork such as any Christian ought to eat.

There are hogs that will never fatten properly, or afford pork that is anything more than barely eatable with hunger for a relish, never by any possibility producing such an inviting section of a broad side as we have described at the beginning of this pork prologue. Of these fellows, by far too many of the bristle bearers kept by farmers for the manufacture of what *they* call pork, are first cousins or other near blooded relations.

Such material were better discarded in early youth from the farmers' stock catalogue—given away, expended in compost, or sold at a penny a pound for bones and bristles, than to be maintained eighteen months at double, and eventually fattened after a fashion, at four times the expense that the sale of his carcass will cover. In reality, it is poorer economy to maintain two or three, or a dozen ill-bred, *no breed*, never fattening swine, than inferior stock of any other description.

Then it follows that the pig, least disposed to labor in any way, most given to laziness, and blessed with a natural propensity to put on pork, is the most profitable pig the farmer can employ in the manufacture of his pork-making material. Those that are everlastingly rooting, rambling, squealing, and seiring like a famished wolf upon all sorts of provender, right or wrong, as almost all the breeds of *long shanks* invariably do, are the most disastrous to their proprietor's pockets.

As at present advised, our opinion is that the equal cross between the pure white Chester county and full-blooded Essex has no equal in this country, or indeed in any country as a pork-producing animal. All the better qualities of the two breeds blend harmoniously in the union, and each good point of either seems to be the better developed by the connection of the two families.

They are unusually quiet, good-natured, indolent fellows, handsomely spotted, black and white, with small heads, short necks, wide and deep shoulders, very short legs, uncommonly long, and well rounded bodies, with hams a great deal thicker and heavier in proportion to the size of the animal than those of any other hogs, unless it be the Sicilian pig, who is an insignificant little grunter of very little account in the pork line.

The great advantages of these pigs are, they are remarkably small eaters, grow very rapidly, and fatten with great celerity, putting on probably from two fifty, to three hundred pounds of as beautiful pork as ever was cut from a hog upon no more material than one of the ordinary, long-legged patent plough shares would require to expend on bone, bristles, and his beggarly existence.

Try the Essex-cross Chesters, farmers, and become convinced that they are *the* pigs for your pockets.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

Corn Cake.—1 cup butter, 2 sugar, 3 eggs, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful soda in 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoons of cream tartar dry, in the flour. Spice to taste, and bake in a moderate oven.

Puffs.—Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth; then stir in 1 pound pulverized sugar, slowly; 1 teaspoonful extract vanilla. Grease a sheet of white paper, and dust it with sugar. Drop it on by teaspoonfuls. Bake in a quick oven, slightly brown.

Lemon Pudding.—½ pound butter, 1 pound sugar, 8 eggs, 4 lemons. Squeeze the juice and grate the rinds in also. 1 glass of brandy, add 2 scalded soda crackers.

Baltimore Tea Cake.—1 pound Indian meal, substituting 1 handful of flour for 1 of meal, 1 pound sugar, ½ pound butter, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of azumee. Flavor to taste. J. W.

Ice Pockets.—I have learned something new—new to me at least, and perhaps to a good many others, who may have been wondering this long time how they might keep ice conveniently about the house, and carry it cleverly to parties and pic-nics, and out in the harvest field, and to church of a sultry, sweltering day, as comfortably and neatly as possible, and keep it a good deal longer than any ice pitcher or water cooler in creation will preserve it.

Carry it in your *pocket*.

"Eh—what! Carry ice about in our pockets?"

Yes—That's exactly what I mean. Not in your vest, coat, or pantaloons pocket however. That might prove a chilly experiment and total failure.

Make a double pocket of any kind of strong woollen cloth, no matter how faded and coarse it is. Have a space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets, and pack this space as full as possible with feathers. You have no need to use live geese feathers, at seventy-five cents a pound. Any old pillows, or half worn-out hen's feathers are just as good. With a pocket thus constructed, and kept closely tied at the mouth, a few pounds of ice may be kept a week. Madelinn.

Selected.

English Salad Mixture.—Beat a raw egg, with a salt spoon of salt, until it is thoroughly smooth, then incorporate with it a teaspoonful of mustard, made rather thicker than usual. When these are quite smooth, add, by degrees, one, two, or three tablespoonfuls, or even more, of good salad oil, taking care to blend each portion of it with the egg before adding more. This ought to make any quantity, up to a teacupful, of a tenacious mass, so thick that a teaspoon will stand up in it, and as smooth as honey. Dilute it with vinegar till it assumes the consistence of thick cream. No salad mixture is so smooth and rich as this, and at the same time the original oil flavor is completely lost, from the raw egg converting the oil into an emulsion. A little anchovy may be added if desired.

Baked Sour Apples.—These are best baked in a stove. They require only an hour. There should be a little water in the dish. Just before they are done, sprinkle a little brown sugar upon them, dip the syrup over them, and cover them close till wanted for the table. They are good done in this way to eat at breakfast or tea, and also at dinner, with any meat requiring apple sauce.

Frosted Fruit.—Take large ripe apricots, plums or grapes, cut off half of the stem; have in one dish some white of an egg beaten, and in another some powdered loaf-sugar; take the fruit, one at a time, and roll them first in the egg, and then in the sugar; lay them on a sheet of white paper in a sieve, and set it on the top of a stove, or near a fire, till the icing is hard.

Peach Leather.—Stew peaches as if for pies, taking out the stones and making into a pulp; put this on planed boards on a roof in the sun; in a few days it will be dry enough to peel off the boards. Roll it, and put away dry.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 11, 17, 7, 12, is the name of our best general.
My 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 3, is what all soldiers did and do.
My 5, 10, 6, 4, is a major-general.
My 11, 10, 1, 1, is a county in Ohio.
My 5, 14, 10, 11, 18, 6, 17, is a state which *tried* to go out of the Union.
My 18, 3, 2, 2, is what all rebels must prepare for.
My 12, 13, 4, 15, 16, 17, 8, 10, 15, 12, 13, 14, 7, 17, 12, 6, 10, 7, is what we all ought to reverence.
My whole is a patriotic and beautiful piece of music. B. T.

Newtown, O.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 12, 8, 2, is a metal.
My 7, 13, 6, 11, 4, 10, is one who attends a court.
My 12, 8, 5, is a measure of land.
My 14, 8, 13, 3, 5, is a narrow passage of water.
My 15, 9, 3, is a steam vessel.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 1st, and I am a moulding on the base of a column.
Again curtail, and I am a metallic compound.
Omit my 2d, and I am something tender or painful.
My 4th, 5th, 1st, and 2d, show repose.
My 5th, 3d, and 1st, is a god mentioned by ancient poets.
My whole is a place of business.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city of Europe.
An Anglo-Saxon coin.
A short sleep.
A Hebrew prophet.
A short poem.
A city of Europe.

My initials and finals form the names of two cities, being the same as my first and last conditions respectively. CINCINNATUS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade for the Dress Circle.

My first half is as clear as crystal, yet sometimes black as ink,
And often you can walk on me, but oftener will sink;
You can find me if you dig for me in almost every spot,
And where I am there life is, and death where I am not.

My second's what a prudent man most scrupulously would shun,
Yet a very famous woman seemed glad the risk to run;
And though we sometimes blame her for such a want of sense,
In spite of this, her monstrous fault, we forgive her the offence.

My whole is fond of leaping from off a rocky steep,
Yet, like a petted infant, on its mother's neck will sleep;
And through the distant valleys, though it's often found to roam,
It seldom wanders very far from this cradle of its home. —*United Service Journal.*

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain cone whose area equals 37.6992 cubic inches. In the cone are placed two balls as large as they can be, one on the top of the other, and the diameter of the top ball is to the diameter of the base of the cone as 1 to 8. Required, the dimensions of cone and diameters of balls. GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Peter lays claim to an equilateral-triangular tract of land in West Virginia, whose area is 64 acres and nearly 29½ perches, (the square of the number of perches in said tract being 10584.9123.) I wish to know the length of each one of its three equal sides. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Fraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two lines meet, making an angle of 64 deg. 32 min. On one line are two objects—one 180 yards, the other 640 yards, from the angular point. Required, at what point on the other line will these two objects appear under the greatest possible angle, and what that angle will be. JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a lemon like an old maid who has been pretty? Ans.—Because it was made to be squeezed and wasn't.

☞ Why is fine young widow who entraps in Hymen's meshes the heir of a prosperous gentleman, like the earth? Ans.—Because she comes round the son (sun.)

☞ Why is making honey like whipping? Ans.—Because it is a bee-laboring business.

☞ Why is a musical instrument like the open sea? Ans.—Because it's often sounded.

☞ Why are all games of chess of equal duration? Ans.—Because it always takes four knights to play a game.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"I would rather hear you blame my economy than see my people weep on account of my prodigality." ENIGMA—Bereavement. RIDDLE—Spot, Pot, Pa. DOUBLE REBUS—Delaware, Missouri, (Dram, Reekli, Lewis, Alexis, Waterloo, Adieu, Rudder, Ell.) CHARADE—Hip-po-pot-a-mus.